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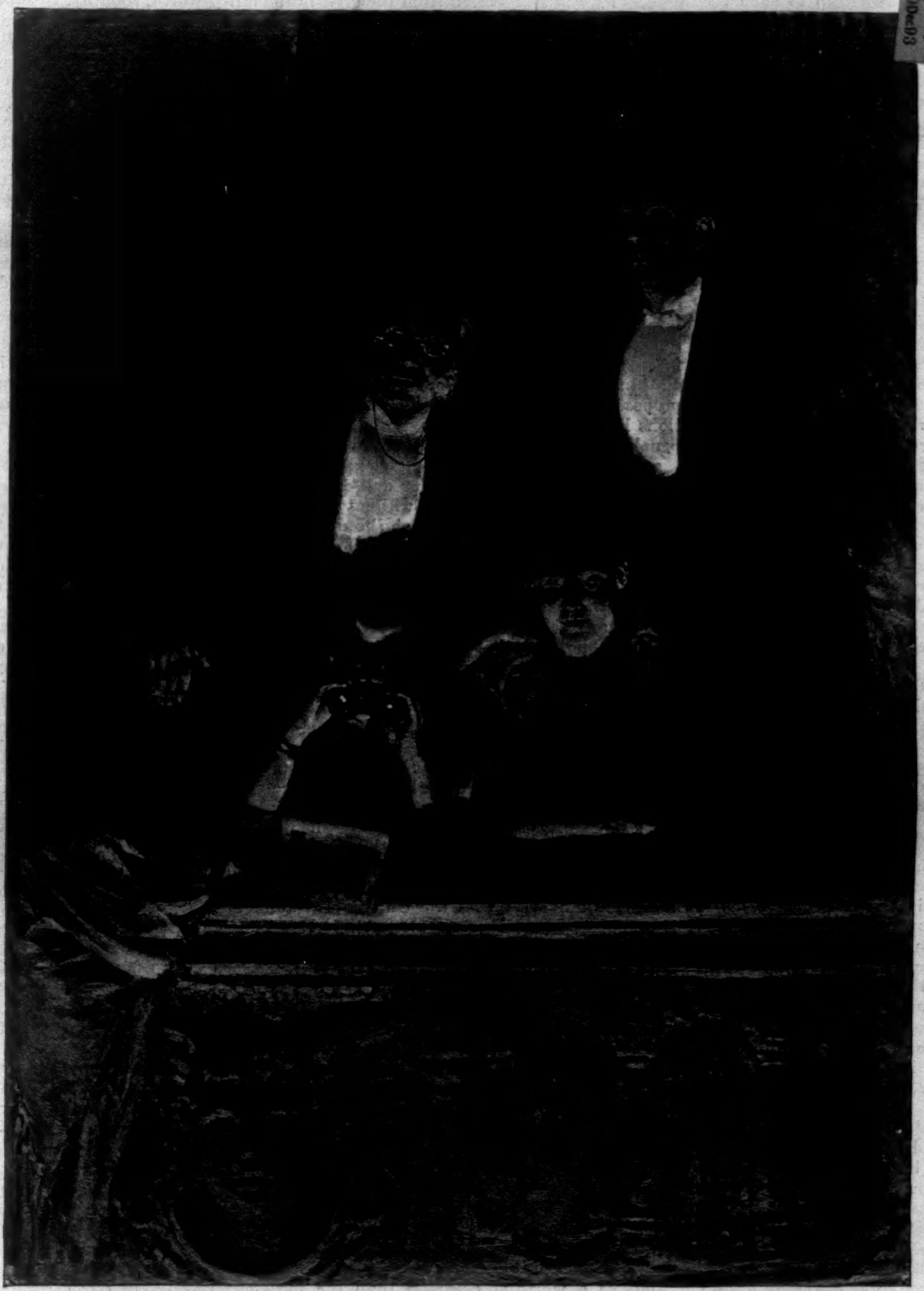

STAMFORD'S SOPRANO.—A SKETCH IN OUTLINE.

BY HOWARD PYLE.

TOM STAMFORD had just come from college. He was ambitious in the direction of journalistic life, and the immediate opening that presented was to do general hack-work for the *Liberator*.

The *Liberator* was a weekly journal modelled somewhat after the style of the *Spectator*, and Stamford's uncle Elihu, who was that sort of a rich man who takes an occasional pot-shot at a new venture. was a considerable stockholder in the paper. This gave Stamford some claim upon it; he wrote a good deal for it, and not all that he wrote was rejected.

In spite of the positiveness and sonorousness of its name, the *Liberator* was at that time leading a rather pallid existence. But it was new, it was spending money, and it was very hopeful of meeting the impact of solid experience and of surviving that encounter without going altogether to pieces. It was just then in what one might call the "cherry stain" state of existence, for the panels of the office were of stained cherry, the office rail was of stained cherry, the new and shining desks were of stained cherry, the revolving bent-wood seat on which the editor sat was of stained cherry, and the torture-seat upon which his contributors sat to hear the fate of their contributions was also of stained cherry. A paper with money and great expectations is very apt to start in this state of existence.

The *Liberator* was at that time in the opposition, and was very positive in its position. It used to advise the administration and the Upper and Lower Houses of Congress with an air of impartiality and restraint that conveyed the idea to the reader of a tremendous but suppressed motive power behind, which, if the editor only once dared to let it go, would smash, or at least seriously cripple, the Executive department of the United States.

Stamford at that time was a very young man. He also looked upon the *Liberator* through a rosy atmosphere of hope and of youth. He felt that it was destined to have a great future, and that by means of it he himself might also rise to a great future. So he used to write his bits and scraps of literary odds and ends, and a good many of these were published. He assumed an air of literary experience at that time, and used to speak of what he wrote as "stuff." "I ran down home last Sunday, and staid a couple of days to write up a lot of stuff for the *Lib*," or "I wrote a thousand words of stuff last night for the *Lib* about Salvini." (Salvini was just then the rage in Boston.)

One day when Stamford went into the office to inquire the fate of some one of his manuscripts he found Mr. Cadger, the editor, in a more expansive mood than usual. The editor began by saying, "I don't believe we are going to be able to use all this paper of yours, Mr. Stamford. You've gone unnecessarily into detail. Maybe if you'd cut it down to eight or ten hundred words we might be able to do something with it." He tossed it out upon the desk as he spoke, and Stamford picked it up, trying to look as though he did not care. Then Mr. Cadger resumed and lit the cold and dead end of a cigar that lay amongst the papers on his desk; then, tilting in his chair and cocking his feet up on the desk, he yielded himself to a general expansive impulse to talk. "The fact is," said he, shifting his cigar from one side of his mouth to the other, and winking away the smoke that drifted into his eyes—"the fact is that you make the same mistake that all writers, particularly noviti-

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THE EXTRADITION TREATY WITH RUSSIA.

THE extradition treaty recently concluded between the United States and Russia has called forth serious criticism in this country, mainly on account of the clause providing that the assassination, or attempt at assassination, or accessoriship to such assassination, accomplished or attempted, of the head of the government of either of the contracting countries shall not be considered as belonging to the class of political offences, and that persons presumably guilty of such crime in one country, taking refuge in the other, shall be extradited upon demand made in due form. Another clause is objected to, putting the forgery of public documents among the extraditable offences. It is argued that while an attempt upon the life of the President of the United States could hardly be prompted by any political motive, an attempt upon the life of the Russian Czar could not possibly be prompted by any other, and would therefore presumably always be a political act; that the accessoriship to such a crime or such an attempt would be construed in Russia as including every person belonging to, or having any direct or indirect connection with, any political organization or movement a member or adherent of which might, of his own motion, make an attempt upon the life of the Czar or any member of the reigning family, and that thus persons merely joining in an endeavor to transform Russian autocracy into a more liberal form of government, when eluding the clutch of Russian despotism and seeking refuge in the United States, might lose the benefit of a safe asylum here and have to be surrendered to his prosecutor. It is also argued that, inasmuch as a passport is a public document, and the treaty makes the forging of public documents an extraditable offence, and political refugees have to use—and always do use, especially in Russia—false passports to escape the police, every political refugee having availed himself of this necessary means of escape will have to be extradited by the United States to Russia on this ground. In other words, the leading republic on earth is said to bind itself by this treaty to aid the most despotic government on earth in suppressing liberal movements set on foot against it.

That this was not the purpose of those who made the treaty on the part of the United States, and that they would not have made it had they apprehended any such consequences, goes without saying. It may be added that they thought they had guarded the language of the treaty sufficiently to avoid any such consequences. In fact, it is highly probable, if not absolutely certain, that if under this treaty any case of such a nature should arise, the people of the United States would find some way practically to prevent or defeat the execution of the treaty. Nevertheless, we are of the opinion that such an extradition treaty should never have been made between the United States and Russia, and we are certain it would never have been concluded had its provisions, instead of being passed upon in secret, been subjected to public discussion.

It is needless to say that we abhor the assassination of anybody, Czars and Kings included; we abhor it whether prompted by political or any other motives. The cause of human liberty has never been furthered by the assassination of a monarch. We abhor, above all things, the ruthless ferocity of the dynamiter, who, if he does not aim at indiscriminate slaughter, at least risks it. As to the assassins of Russian Czars, they may be of different classes. If they come from the lower ranks of the people, they are usually killed on the spot. If they come from the ranks of the military aristocracy, they may in that country, whose government has felicitously been called "a despotism tempered by assassination," be among the honored servants of the murdered Czar's successor. This has happened in Russia more than once, and may happen again. In neither case will the extradition treaty with the United States be called into operation. But it is by no means unlikely that the Russian government may try to use it for the persecution of persons who, as agitators for liberal ideas, have made themselves obnoxious to the Russian autocracy, and whose continued activity in foreign parts that autocracy wishes to cut short. Attempts may be made to implicate such persons as "accessories" in some plot to murder the Czar, or to accuse them of having forged public documents, and thus to effect their extradition. That such attempts will meet with no practical success in the United States we firmly believe; but the United States ought never to have given the Russian despotism any pretext for making them.

Extradition treaties are to serve the beneficent end of facilitating the administration of justice in repressing crime and promoting public and private security, and may properly be concluded, as the Institute of International Law declared in 1880, "between states whose criminal legislation rests on analogous bases and which have mutual confidence in their judicial institutions." No well-informed person will pretend that this condition is satisfied by Russia even in a moderate degree. The most populous and important part of Russia, including the two great capitals St. Petersburg and Moscow and almost all the centres of wealth and intelligence, have been under martial law ever since the accession to the throne of the present Czar. Under the law relating to this "state of siege" all cases which the government wishes to deal with by summary process may be transferred from the civil to the military tribunals, which may sit behind closed doors if they please. The Governors, under that law, exercise substantially unlimited police power, issue "imperative regulations" concerning all matters touching the safety of the state, the violations of which they punish at discretion. They may make arbitrary searches and seizures in all buildings whatever, and send to Siberia obnoxious persons by mere "administrative process." They have behind them a penal code which punishes with death not only every criminal act, but "every evil intention" against "the life, the health, or the honor of the Emperor"; and "evil intention" shall be "regarded as an actual crime not only in cases where the guilty person has attempted to carry his intention into effect, but also in cases where he has taken part in such designs at the solicitation of another, or has formed or entered into a conspiracy having such ends in view, or has orally or in writing, by thought, proposal, or in any other way, entered into preparations looking thereto." This is the language of the penal law; and we maintain that with a country the spirit of whose government is expressed in laws punishing men with death for evil intentions, and that sends persons to Siberia without legal trial by mere administrative process, we should not only be very guarded in wording our extradition treaties, but we should have no extradition treaty at all.

This treaty is, no doubt, the offspring of a notion widely entertained in the United States that Russia has always been the fast and most useful friend of this republic, and that everything should be done to please her. We are very much in favor of maintaining friendly relations with Russia, but not under a feeling of extraordinary obligation. There is a legend that during our civil war Russia sent a fleet here under an understanding with our government that the Russian ships should join our forces in case of a rupture with England. We have never been able to discover any proof of this story. All we could find in substantiation of it was that "somebody knew somebody who heard Mr. LINCOLN say," etc. But we do not doubt that Russia would have been very glad to see Great Britain involve herself in a quarrel with the United States, for the simple reason that England's trouble is Russia's opportunity. And this is the key to the Russian friendship for this republic. Russia would not surprise us if she urged our government by all means to take the Hawaiian Islands, because American and English interests might then have a fair prospect of getting into collision on the Pacific. When Russian and American naval officers had a friendly carousal in New York Harbor on a recent occasion, united action against Great Britain was, as ever, the burden of the song. This is the extent of Russian friendship, and no more. But for the dreams of combination against England the Russian autocracy would gladly see the American democracy perish. Russian friendship, therefore, does not call for any sacrifice of principle or pride on our part. As to international companionship, the freest and most liberal nation in Europe is certainly to the great republic of America a worthier comrade than the most cruel and odious of despotisms. And as for our interests, if Russia were the master of Asia instead of Great Britain, we should find much less freedom of commerce there than while India is in the hands of England.

The Russian treaty having been duly signed and ratified, the President will have to proclaim it. But it contains a provision for its termination after six months' notice by either power, and this notice cannot be given on our part too soon.

A GOLD PREMIUM.

WHAT would happen if the Treasury gold gave out? The suspension of gold payments by the government in the near future is a possibility, even though not a probability. The Treasury gold reserve is small, and is subject to possible heavy drafts; the government may be compelled to resort to the payment of some of its obligations—perhaps the Treasury notes of 1890—in silver. What would the consequences be?

The first simple consequence would be a premium upon gold. Gold would not be supplied by the Treasury in exchange for other money, as it is now, and as it has been ever since the resumption of specie payments in 1879. The banks and other holders of gold would prefer to hold it for possible or actual need, and would pay to their creditors and would use in ordinary transactions legal-tender notes and other familiar forms of currency. Those who must have gold, such as importers, dealers in foreign exchange, persons and corporations having to make payments specified in gold, would have to bid for it at a premium.

But the extent of that premium would be a matter of uncertainty and of speculation. Not infrequently we are told that the suspension of gold payments by the Treasury would bring us at once to a silver basis, and to a premium upon gold corresponding to the difference between the intrinsic value of the silver dollar and the gold dollar. The silver dollar is now worth, roughly, two-thirds of the gold dollar; that is, the premium would be 50 per cent., and gold would be worth 150. But it is certain that no change of this sort would occur. The gold premium would begin by being small—one or two per cent.—and its range at the beginning would be moderate. If it were expected that the Treasury would soon resume gold payments by getting possession, in one way or another, of a fresh reserve stock, the premium would be insignificant. If it were feared that the suspension would last, and if it should happen at the same time that there was a heavy export demand for specie or a heavy need of gold for other payments, the premium might rise higher. Its extent would be a matter of speculation, and to some extent would be affected by gambling operations, such as those which affected the price of silver in 1890, or now affect the current prices of stocks and grain. If the suspension proved definitive, we may be sure that a gold exchange would again be opened. Gold would be bought and sold for future delivery and on margin, and its price would be affected by rumors and corners and deals.

For a long time, however, it is certain that paper currency—whether greenbacks, Treasury notes, banknotes, or even silver dollars and certificates—would be worth as money more than the silver dollar is worth intrinsically. The currency would be at a discount as compared with gold coin, but it would be worth more than the silver coin. This anomalous monetary situation existed in Austria for a long series of years. There, too, the paper currency in circulation was nominally based on gold, but was irredeemable, and gold was at a premium. The paper was also rated in terms of a silver coin having an intrinsic value much less than that of gold. Not redeemable in gold, it was yet worth more than the silver, and this curious state of things is but now being put an end to in Austria by the resumption of specie payments on a gold basis. If the Treasury of the United States were to suspend gold payments, we should be in precisely the same situation. Even if the suspension proved definitive, and the gold premium became considerable, we should remain in that condition for a long series of years, until eventually the currency should so depreciate that the premium on gold corresponded to the difference between the intrinsic value of the silver and the gold dollar.

So far as the immediate effects of the suspension go, general industry would feel it little. Some of the opponents of the silver mania are perhaps disposed to exaggerate the direct consequences of the financial collapse. In the business world things would go on in the main very much as they have gone on. The Stock Exchange doubtless would experience a shock, and the professional buyers and sellers of stocks would be embarrassed. But the every-day business world at the outset would notice the change but little. All those who had to do with international trade would, indeed, be concerned at once. Importers would have to pay a premium on foreign exchange corresponding to the premium on gold, and exporters would get that premium. The disturbance here would be real and perhaps serious. But the great bulk of our exchanges is purely domestic, and to them the change would be of no great immediate concern. What the permanent effects on the general business community would be is another question. If the gold suspension proved definitive, if the issue of Treasury notes or other currency continued in undiminished volume, we should doubtless have in the end a tendency to a rise in prices, and very likely a new period of inflation and speculation, culminating in the inevitable crisis. But consequences of this sort work themselves out only after years.

The financial depression of the last few months has largely discounted the direct and immediate effects which the suspension might cause. Coming suddenly, or unexpectedly, a Treasury collapse would shatter credit, and might easily precipitate a crisis. The fear of a collapse has been a leading factor in bringing about the present situation; it has already produced those direct effects on general industry which the shock to confidence might cause. Prediction in matters of this sort is always hazardous; but crises are not likely to come when they have been expected and so are prepared for.

The real and serious evil of this first downward step would be moral rather than material. Public confidence would be shocked; the repute and prestige of the government would be rudely shaken. The failure of the government to maintain its standard would demoralize the public conscience, and set before debtors the spectacle of a failure to meet obligations to the letter at the place where we should have the highest example of honor and honesty. We may hope, indeed, that the change, if it should come, would stir the community to a vigorous demand for a new and sounder financial system, which might obviate once for all a recurrence of such a spectacle. But such a break-down would none the less remain an ineffaceable blot on the fair financial record which we have maintained since the resumption of specie payments.

A WASTE OF SEED.

The Secretary of the Department of Agriculture appears to be a sensible man, and worthy of a seat in the President's cabinet. He will prove himself to be such a man if he succeeds in so reforming the work of his department that it will be looked upon by people with respect instead of merely tolerated with good-natured contempt. There are many legitimate fields for the officials and experts of this department to find employment in without engaging in the merely demagogical practices which have heretofore been common. Among these practices the most silly is that of distributing seeds among the constituents of each Congressman. This custom was started in a very small way many years ago, when the present department was a bureau of the Interior Department The bureau bought foreign seeds in small quantities, and asked expert farmers to test and report on them to see whether they would yield profitable crops in this country This was very proper. But the custom has grown entirely beyond such legitimate bounds, and now each Congressman sends out several bushels of seeds to his constituents, not in the hope that useful tests will be made, but as personal gifts to the voters who sent him to Washington. This serves no public purpose, and, further than this, it serves no useful purpose whatever When a farmer in the country gets a package of seed from his Congressman he treats the gift as a great joke, and in very many instances, indeed, never plants them at all. Since this custom began, and even before it grew to its present proportions, agricultural experiment stations were started in the various States These are the places where strange and foreign seeds can be properly and intelligently tested. Indeed, to do this was one of the reasons for establishing these stations. All the seed needed for such places could be bought for one thousand dollars a year; by the present method something like one hundred and fifty thousand dollars is spent each year. This is so much money worse than thrown away, as the free distribution of seeds helps to confirm the idea, more or less prevalent in every neighborhood, that it is the function of the Federal government to make gifts to the people, to distribute largess, to give something for nothing.

If these seeds were esteemed to be worth anything by those who receive them, their distribution would be a serious wrong to the merchants who make a business of buying and selling seed. These merchants are in a legitimate and very necessary business, and the United States government should not interfere with their business. If the recipients of the seed distributed had any faith in the gifts of their Congressmen, the business of the seed merchants would be interfered with to the extent of a hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year. This does not happen, because the farmers do not in the least value the Agricultural Department seeds, and therefore place no dependence on them. In every aspect the custom is wrong and foolish, and Mr. Morton should recommend that no appropriation be made for it by the next Congress. There are doubtless many other directions in which money is wasted by this department, but here is one for which there can be no excuse whatever, and therefore the abuse should be abolished as soon as possible.

ELEVATED RAILROAD ETIQUETTE.

It cannot be that the people in New York are rude and unamiable. There are so many instances on record of the contrary to this that it is impossible to conclude that the people of the American metropolis are other than polite in their manners and kindly and considerate in their feelings. When on any holiday occasion the streets of the city are much over-crowded with visitors and home citizens, it is universally remarked that the men and the women endure the discomforts of such occasions with entire good-humor, and even seem to enjoy them Under a harsher and less wise police administration than the present the crowds that lined the sidewalks to watch the passing show were not infrequently treated by the guardians of the public peace with a brutality that would have been uncalled for had these men and women been wild beasts which only force could control But when the people were left to themselves, and were assured that the police were forbidden to break heads with hickory sticks, they showed at once that they were and had always been not only capable of self-control, but full of amiability and consideration for the rights and comfort of others.

If the people of New York are not inherently rude and impolite, how can we account for the manners that prevail on the elevated roads? On these roads well-appearing men and gentle-looking women shove and push like the football-players in a college match And yet these elevated railway contests are different from those between football athletes. An athlete is required by the unwritten laws of the game he plays to preserve at least a semblance of amiability, an appearance of courtesy Not so these elevated railway travellers. They scowl at one another with an aggressive fierceness that anywhere else would be the prelude to a fight. But we believe that these scowls rarely lead to actual blows between the travellers, who apparently understand that the pushing and shoving and the accompanying scowls are all mere matters of course—little things to be given and taken without protest and without redress.

The fact of the matter is that there prevails a peculiar etiquette on the elevated railways—an etiquette that reverses all that is customary in polite life everywhere else in the world, except perhaps in Africa, where a Hottentot lover wooes his mistress by reducing her to insensibility by a blow on the head with a club. A New York man leaves his well-appointed home, gently bidding his family good-by; on the street as he walks to the elevated station he is the pink of courtesy and salutes his acquaintances with graceful punctiliousness—his whole bearing is that of a kindly and considerate gentleman. And this manner he preserves until the train he means to board approaches the station. Then all is changed, and the man of dignified port and courteous bearing elbows his way to the gate of the train very much as the stock-brokers do on the floor of the Exchange when prices are fluctuating with alarming quickness. In the train, if there be one vacant seat, this man, who at home would offer a chair with the air of a Chesterfield and refuse to sit while any lady in the room remained standing, rushes ahead for that seat with as little regard for consequences or appearances as a bull in a china shop In his eyes and in his mind to get the seat is the one thing of the moment. If he miss getting a seat he scowls the "elevated railway scowl" on the more fortunate man, who scowls in response. Then till he reaches his destination he shoves and pushes and scowls and scowls. But he really means nothing by it, for before he has taken ten steps in the street his face resumes its placid expression, and he is his amiable self once more. And the women are not much different from what has just been described, except that they do not scowl; they only stare—stare with a pained look of disapproval. The primary cause of the adoption by polite people of this strange and contrary etiquette is the over-crowded condition of the railway trains, which both in the morning and the evening of every day are packed with four times as many people as they can hold in comfort and safety When there shall be a happy solution of the rapid-transit problem in New York this etiquette will no longer prevail, and in that too-far-off time we may expect that even on the elevated railways the distinguished courtesy of New York drawing rooms will be resumed, and New York men and women will display at all times that polite consideration which now never forsakes them except when in or about to enter a car of the Manhattan Railway.

·THINGS·TALKED·OF·

To what are we coming in the matter of trials? Last Sunday one of the New York dailies contained statements of opinion—which had been extensively advertised—by a prominent clergyman, and by other presumably intelligent persons of some note, as to the innocence of Miss Borden, who at the time was on trial at Fall River, Massachusetts, on a charge of murder Another paper has announced that it has secured the services of twelve well-known citizens—one a woman, but four, we believe, lawyers, and one a minister—to pronounce on the guilt of the same lady. In this case, however, the amateur jurors are to have stenographic reports of the testimony. We do not quite see the utility of these proceedings, except to the newspapers in question, which secure undoubtedly the attention of some readers whom they would otherwise fail to attract. In the first instance mentioned, the opinions of men of reputation, given with a very imperfect knowledge of the facts, are far from being merely useless. They tend to destroy respect for the law and the courts among the thoughtless, while among sensible persons they tend to destroy respect for the authors of the opinions. And even in the second case referred to, surely any lawyer must know that an opinion based solely on written testimony is an uncertain one, and one which ought not, in the interest of society, to be made public. The legal system of investigating and punishing crime is not perfect, and the jury leaves much to be desired, but the fact that it is the established system is of immense importance, and men of standing, or even women, should be very careful how they discredit it or try to reform it in other than the ways provided by the laws themselves.

The patriotism of the Englishman, which is always tangled up with a variety of other and not always rational sentiments, has lately been deeply wounded by an insult offered to St. George. St. George, though a very mythical personage historically, and of most dubious virtue, has been from time immemorial the patron saint of England with all the privileges thereunto appertaining Recently Pope Leo has issued a letter nominating, so to speak, for the faithful, St. Peter to the "spiritual patronage" of England—an honor which in some degree is to be shared with the Holy Virgin. Now it is not to be denied that *quâ* saint, Peter is obviously of higher rank and more authentic claim to respect than George. But the Englishman—at least the Protestant Englishman—having for centuries accepted St George as a patron, without in the least knowing what the functions of a patron saint are or could be, feels hurt and a little angry and thinks he has been put upon But, since he cannot help himself, he will do as he always does with the inevitable—reconcile himself to it, and after sufficient time he will resent any interference with the new patron as warmly as he now resents the displacement of the old one.

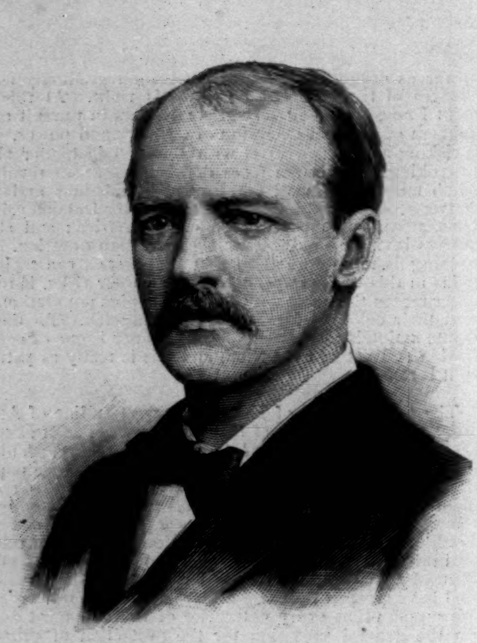
The Vicomte de Montfort is a hard-headed Conservative of Normandy, Deputy of the Department of the Lower Seine, a veteran of African warfare, and an implacable foe of the policy of colonization for France He has the courage to make his fight precisely at the moment that General Dodds returns to Paris crowned with the laurels of his victory over King Behanzin of Dahomey He says plainly to the triumphant African fighter that after whipping the black king he ought to have withdrawn to the coast, and contented himself with establishing a strong post under the guns of the navy, when needed, from which colonization, so far as desirable, could be carried on gradually as the chances of trade offered. And he is right. At this moment France is facing very grave dangers in pursuit of the chimera of Oriental extension of territory and power. She is risking a serious quarrel with England in Siam; she is provoking the warlike races of Madagascar to revolt by harsh measures toward the Protestant missions and their converts, she is seeking a protectorate over Dahomey, if not annexation, as a move toward central Africa; and she is always inviting trouble over the Egyptian question. Yet nothing is more sure than that the French can make no gains in this business proportioned to their risks, if for no other reason than that they have no surplus population, and that their colonists inevitably get homesick. As the Vicomte maintains, the true policy of France is one of concentration and not of expansion, and this is really as patriotic as it is sensible.

The southern line of Kansas, the western line of Arkansas, and the little angle of the southwestern line of Missouri all lie along the border of the Indian Territory. This region, owing to its unorganized condition, its sparse population, and the character of the inhabitants, possesses no efficient civil government, and affords a refuge for bandits and marauders as desperate and lawless as the brigands of Sicily. Within the last month a bank in Arkansas has been robbed, and railway trains have been "held up" in each of the other States by men who have sallied from the Indian Territory, and have escaped thither. So far as the bank robbery goes, we suppose that every enterprise of the sort must depend on the general provision for the protection of property. But the railway robberies ought to be preventable. The booty is almost invariably in the express-car, and is frequently very tempting. It is incredible that the railway and express companies could not, if they choose, protect the property they are transporting. Steel cars, burglar-proof safes, and a regular guard, which need not be large, and which could be increased from the train hands were they properly armed and disciplined, would make robberies of this sort so difficult and risky that they would shortly be abandoned. There is no more valid excuse for the reckless management of these companies than there would be for not permitting brigandage on the Hudson River Railroad.

Early last month, in the little town of Muscatine, Iowa, the houses of three citizens were torn badly, and one completely destroyed, by some explosive, probably gunpowder. There were some eighteen persons in the three dwellings at the time—shortly after midnight—including a number of women, and their escape from death was very strange. One of the houses belonged to the editor of a prohibitionist paper, another to an attorney, and the third to a citizen, all of whom had been engaged in suits against liquor-sellers in the town. The crime, which was as dastardly as can be imagined, was generally and reasonably charged upon the liquor-sellers A reward of $10,000 was offered for the detection of the offenders, but, so far as we are informed, in vain. The prohibitionists are naturally very angry, and in their anger they denounce all who oppose prohibition, including Governor Boies. There they make a serious mistake. The crime was bad enough, and the guilty, if caught, should suffer the utmost penalty But a man may share the criminal's disapproval of prohibition without approving his crime. We may concede—what is true—that the liquor business is demoralizing in its tendency, and that the percentage of lawlessness is far larger among liquor-drinkers than among those who never drink liquor, but it does not follow that prohibition is the only, or even the best, preventive of the crimes to which liquor-drinking tends. Prohibition does not always work well. In some communities it does not work at all. To recognize these simple facts does not imply sympathy with cowardly scoundrels who seek to kill their opponents by blowing up their houses. There is room for temperance even in the fight against "Rum."

Colonel Ainsworth, who was in charge of the Bureau of Records in the old Ford's Theatre building in Washington when it tumbled down, was very nearly mobbed by the surviving clerks and their friends at the coroner's inquest. Two charges are brought against him One is that he is responsible for keeping the clerks in an unsafe building, and for making it more unsafe by the excavation under it, which finally caused its fall, the second is that his clerks did not dare to complain for fear of discharge. These are very serious accusations, and, if true, Colonel Ainsworth will be disgraced for life, whether punished formally or not. But two things must be clearly borne in mind before an opinion is reached. One is that Colonel Ainsworth promptly asked for a court of inquiry, though he knows that he has many jealous comrades among the officers who would constitute the court. A court of inquiry, moreover, is very different from a civil court. There is practically no limit to the scope of its investigation, and testimony is not excluded by technical rules. It is a most searching means of getting at the truth The second fact to be noted is that Secretary Lamont immediately issued an official notice to all concerned that no subordinate or employé should suffer in any way for having given truthful testimony in this case. The situation thus made for and by Colonel Ainsworth would be a very trying one for an officer not conscious that he is innocent. It is plain that in this instance particularly the accused must be held guiltless until proven guilty

The most grotesque piece of paternalism that this country has lately afforded—and the assortment is considerable—is a law of the State of Washington imposing a fine of $500 for the sale of cigarettes, cigarette papers, or cigarette wrappers The motive is laudable enough, being the protection of young boys from temptation in respect to cigarette-smoking. But the means must be conceded to be disproportionate to the end. In addition to which it must be said that the measure is absurdly impracticable, and could not possibly be carried out in any community where there was enough cigarette-smoking to make it desirable. But now comes the Federal government—the grandpaternal, we suppose it may be called—with its inter-State commerce law, and pronounces the inhibition of the sale of cigarettes in the "original packages" brought from any other State unlawful So the small boy of Washington loses the protection of the law, and can indulge his unwholesome inhalation of nicotine without fear of the State courts or the majesty thereof.

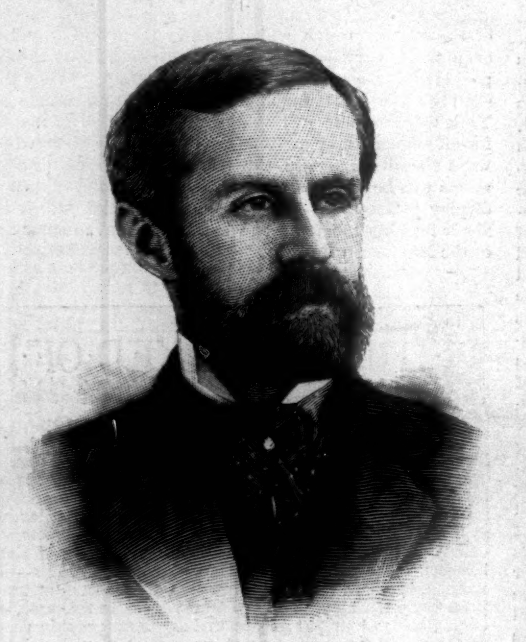


CHARLES W. DAYTON,
Postmaster of New York.—From a Photograph by Anderson.

THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA.

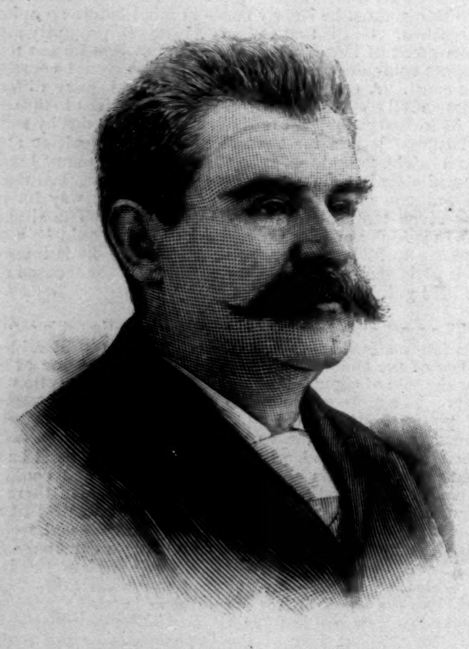
FORTUNATE indeed are the people of the Dominion of Canada in the class of public men whom the Queen has sent to preside over them since Confederation was established in 1867. One and all they have acquitted themselves well, both socially and politically, while several have been afforded opportunities of an indelible impress of their high character on the laws and institutions of the country. One of the most popular of the Canadian viceroys was the young Marquis of Lorne, a Scotsman of Scotsmen, whose achievements in many fields of honorable venture, with those of his royal consort the Princess Louise, have added considerably to Dominion prominence. Now another Scotsman takes possession in the person of the head of the Gordons, and, if we may judge from the reputation which he brings with him, his occupancy of Rideau Hall will not be long undistinguished. Of genial temperament and proved capacity for public affairs, Lord Aberdeen, though young in years, has added not a little to the traditional glories of the family. Born August 3, 1847, his lordship was educated at Oxford, where he took his B.A. in 1871, and an M.A. in 1877. While at college he succeeded to the title as seventh earl, owing to the death of his eldest brother, George, whose romantic career as a seaman before the mast has oft been told. The unfortunate nobleman was serving on the American vessel *Hera*, on a voyage from Boston to Melbourne, when he was accidentally washed overboard and drowned before assistance could be rendered him.

Lord Aberdeen entered the House of Lords as a Conservative, but disagreeing with Lord Beaconsfield's government on a question of policy, has since become more and more closely identified with the Liberal party. For many years he held the office of High Commissioner of the Church of Scotland; but it was as Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, during Mr. Gladstone's previous term of office, that his lordship displayed to the full those fine qualities of head and heart which have made his name respected and beloved, not alone by the Irish people, but by the many in every land who sympathize with their cause. His lordship has been ably seconded in his political career, as well as in his various philanthropic and religious efforts, by an energetic and devoted wife—Isabel Maria, youngest daughter of the first Lord Tweedmouth—to whom he was united in 1877. Five or six children have been born to them, the eldest of whom, Lord Haddo, bears a title not unfamiliar to old-time Parliamentarians. Lord and Lady Aberdeen having resided quite recently in Canada, in one province of which his lordship owns and cultivates large tracts of land, they will take their recognized places there—one at the head of the government, and the other at the head of society—with the feeling of perfect ease and satisfaction which comes from association with old and well-known friends. Rideau Hall, the government house at Ottawa, under whose broad mahogany many distinguished personages, including Charles Kingsley, Albert Bierstadt, H. M. Stanley, Bret Harte, E. A. Sothern, John L. Toole, Canon Farrar, Arthur Sullivan, and Henry Ward Beecher, have at various times, to use a new and popular phrase, stretched their "eminent legs," is by no means palatial in appearance, albeit a perfect mine of money has been expended upon it; but it is well situated, cozy in its inner recesses, and possesses in its surrounding domain extensive and well-kept drives, walks, and gardens. Here, on the Saturday "afternoons," after the vice-regal household has returned to the northern capital from its usual summer outing, may be seen almost every one worth seeing and knowing in and about Ottawa. If it is during the session of Parliament, many of the great legislators and statesmen, with their wives and daughters, will be there in either garden, rink, or ballroom, the place of resort being contingent on the weather, which is never very certain in Ottawa. In the winter season it is a very gay and animated scene indeed which presents itself on and about the skating rink and the toboggan slides at the government house. Here the local Prime Minister, Sir John Thompson, meets on common ground the opposition Demosthenes, Mr. Laurier; here Mr. Costigan, the leader of the Irish Catholics, quite regardless of church or state, hobnobs with Mr. Wallace, the Grand Master of the Orangemen; here Sir Donald Smith, the great millionaire and the largest-hearted man in Canada, and Mr. Van Horne, the railway king, and Mr. Sanford Fleming, the learned Chancellor, and Dr. Lewis, the eloquent Metropolitan, find occasion to put their heads together touching some new scheme of benefit or advantage to the country; crowds of happy, well-dressed people abound—Cabinet Ministers, Judges, Senators, M.P's., civil servants, professional men, bankers, lumber kings, and merchant princes—they are all there; and conspicuous everywhere move their Excellencies, with the busy members of the staff, intent only on one object—that of making their guests thoroughly at home. On returning to the house, before separating for the day, dancing is indulged in; and here, when wraps and clouds are discarded, an opportunity is afforded the wayfarer of seeing something of the pretty women of the capital, both married and single. The new Governor-General will take up his residence at Ottawa in August, and he will doubtless meet with an exceedingly hearty reception from all classes of the Canadian people.



THE EARL OF ABERDEEN,
The new Governor-General of Canada.

HENRY J. MORGAN, Ottawa.

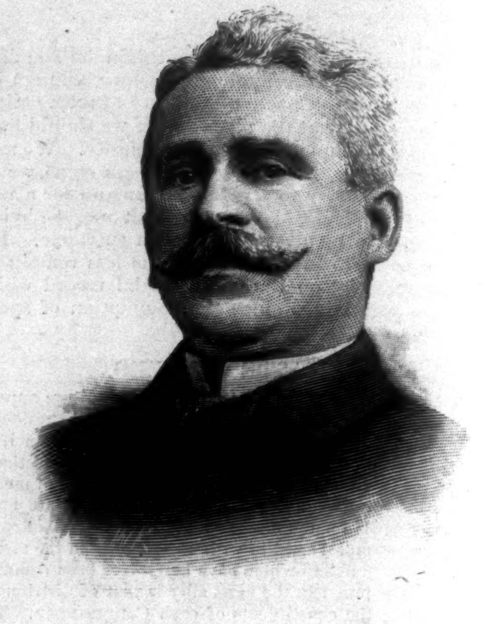


COLONEL JEREMIAH W. COVENEY,
Postmaster of Boston.

THE POSTMASTERS OF FOUR GREAT CITIES.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND has appointed new postmasters in the four great cities of New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, and Boston. The postal service comes nearer to the people than any other department of the government, and in no other officers of the United States are the people so intimately interested. It makes no difference how humble a man may be, he has some dealings with the post-office, which conducts a business with more individuals than any of the other national institutions. Compared with the postal service of some other countries, that in the United States is not very good. The English department is infinitely better than the American, for instance. But taking everything into consideration, the American service is tolerably good. It is handicapped by inadequate appropriations very frequently, and at other times by the policy of changing postmasters for purely political reasons.

For New York Mr. Cleveland has appointed as Postmaster to succeed Mr. Van Cott a well-known politician and a lawyer of respectable position, Mr. Charles W. Dayton, a member of Tammany Hall, but not at the time of his appointment one of the regnant chieftains of that organization. Mr. Dayton is a native of New York, and is forty-seven years old. He was educated in the public schools of the city, and studied law at Columbia College, being admitted to the bar in 1868. He has a considerable practice, and is a man of wealth. He has always been a Democrat, and until two years ago belonged to one or another of the organizations opposed to Tammany Hall. But in 1891 he became a Tammany man, and as such was prominent in the State Convention that sent delegates to Chicago with instructions to vote for the nomination of Senator Hill. It is understood that Mr. Dayton was not a candidate for the position, and was much surprised at his selection.

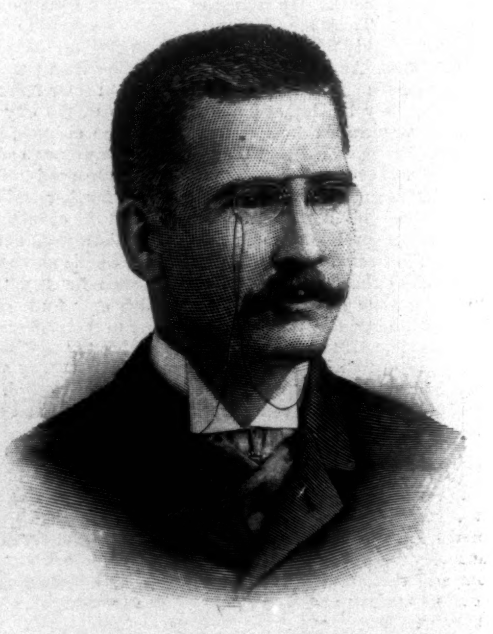


ANDREW T. SULLIVAN,
Postmaster of Brooklyn.

For the Brooklyn post-office the President selected a man who had proved himself to be the logical successor to the position. Mr. Andrew T. Sullivan, now thirty-nine years old, was made cashier of the Brooklyn post-office eight years ago. When a Republican postmaster was appointed four years ago Mr. Sullivan was continued in office because of his capacity and knowledge of postal affairs. Just before his term expired the Brooklyn postmaster died, and his bondsmen requested that Mr. Sullivan be put in charge of the office until the affairs of the dead officer should be settled. As acting postmaster Mr. Sullivan gave such general satisfaction that the business men of Brooklyn asked that he be given the commission. Civil service reformers were much pleased that Mr. Cleveland should have made this appointment, which was really only a promotion. Mr. Sullivan is a native of Brooklyn, and was educated in the public schools of that city and the College of St. Francis Xavier in New York. He has been for five years chairman of the Civil Service Board of Examiners for the post-office. In politics Mr. Sullivan is a Democrat.

Colonel Jeremiah W. Coveney, the new Postmaster of Boston, is a veteran of the war, and since he retired from the army in 1864, on account of disabling wounds received at Spottsylvania in Virginia, he has been almost continuously in office. In the war he went out as Second Lieutenant, and rose to be Lieutenant-Colonel; when he returned to Cambridge, his native town, he was given a place in the Boston custom-house. He retired from the customs service to go to the Legislature, of which he was a member four times. He served also in the Common Council of Cambridge. During Mr. Cleveland's first administration Colonel Coveney was Surveyor of the Port of Boston. He held this till 1890. He was Governor Russell's Private Secretary for a time in 1891, and then Gas Commissioner. He joined the Democratic party in 1874, and has been active in its counsels in Massachusetts ever since. His friends credit him with suggesting the nomination of Mr. Russell, then Mayor of Cambridge, for Governor.

The successor of Mr. Field as Postmaster of Philadelphia is Mr. William Wilkins Carr, a man of distinguished lineage and high social position in his native city. He is forty years old, and was educated in the Philadelphia public schools and the University of Pennsylvania. He studied law in the office of George M. Dallas, and since his admission to the bar in 1876 has practised his profession with much success, besides writing several valuable law treatises. In 1888 he was Assistant United States District Attorney. He was a member of the last Democratic National Convention, and voted for Mr. Cleveland's nomination.



WILLIAM WILKINS CARR,
Postmaster of Philadelphia.

OUT FOR PLEASURE.

A RIDING-SCHOOL PUPIL.

AN AFTERNOON JOG.

A PARK POLICEMAN.

A TYPICAL GROOM.

A SELF-INSTRUCTED RIDER.

A FIRST LESSON.

RIDING-MASTER AND PUPILS.

SNAP SHOTS ON THE EQUESTRIAN PATH IN CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK CITY.—[SEE PAGE 603.]

STAMFORD'S SOPRANO.

(Continued from first page.)

ate writers, make. The trouble with you all is that you go out of your way to try to find something unusual and uncommon to write about, something that nobody knows anything about. Now the reader, as a rule, wants to read what he knows about, and not what he does not know about. For instance, the first thing that your reader turns to in a newspaper is the account of the charity ball which he or she attended the night before. Your reader wants to read that because he or she knows all about it, and such a one will pass over the account of the volcanic eruption in the Feejee Islands, such as we published last week, and the loss of ten or fifteen thousand lives, to read the account of that charity ball. Now here you have taken all the trouble to write up this village of half-breed Indians back of Cape Cod, and they have no kind of interest to the general reader. Now if I were a writer like you, Mr. Stamford, I wouldn't go so far away from home; I'd just work right here in Boston at something all the Boston people know about, and then, if you did hit it off in the right fashion, you'd find that all the Boston people would read about it."

So spoke Mr. Cadger, with a most oracular air. He had never made a success of himself; he had always stumbled over his own theories, and cracked his shins against the hard facts of life. Stamford knew that this was the case, and could not help thinking of it, but he listened to the other very respectfully, for he was an editor, and it is well to be good to editors. "Yes, I think I see what you mean," said he; "I don't know but what there's a great deal of truth in it." And then, as a sudden idea struck him, he said, "I tell you what I'm going to do, Mr. Cadger: I'm going down to West Newham. There's going to be a county fair down there, and I'll go down and write it up. That's something everybody knows about. Do you think you could use any such stuff in the *Liberator?*"

"Oh, I don't know about that," said Mr. Cadger, instantly scenting editorial danger, and as instantly withdrawing into his shell of editorial caution; "it altogether depends upon how it is done." Then he began fingering among the papers of his desk, and Stamford saw that it was time to go.

So Stamford went down to West Newham to see the county fair and to fly his art at realism. The accommodation train in which he went down to West Newham, after a great deal of backing and filling, finally stopped at the temporary platform of the fair grounds. Stamford followed the stream that emptied out of the cars and poured along the dusty road toward the great rambling board buildings fluttering with flags and streamers. Somewhere a band in the distance brayed with a far-away voice, and the swings and merry-go-rounds squeaked and squealed. There were grotesque brutish noises coming from the Agricultural Building, and a universal aroma of damp deal boards, of sawdust, and of trampled grass pervading the warm spring day. Stamford made his way to a little frame shanty labelled, rather grandiloquently, "Office of the Superintendent." Within was an atmosphere of cigar smoke. A lot of men were sitting around intently and seriously idle. They looked at Stamford with a rather bovine stolidness, and with a good deal of diffidence he introduced himself to them as the correspondent of the Boston *Liberator*. He had thought that they would have shown him some attention, but they did not. Indeed, it seemed to him that they felt him to be in the way, and they did not know exactly what to do with him. They gave him a ticket to the grand stand to see the races in the afternoon, and then he was left to take care of himself. He left the office feeling very lonely and deserted.

A little while later, in the Main Building, he met a stout motherly lady who was in general charge of the exhibit there. She was a Mrs. West, and her son had been to Harvard. Stamford remembered him indistinctly, and it served as a sort of bond of acquaintance to connect him individually with his surroundings. He was very glad of companionship in the strangeness of his surroundings, so he walked about and talked with Mrs. West whenever he found her disengaged, looking with aimless interest at the array of quilts and fancy-work and bread and preserves, and loaves of cake cut in half to show how light they were inside.

In one end of the great barnlike place there was a little space railed off like a pen, and somewhat raised from the floor. Here an organ company had an organ upon exhibition. There were seats arranged around for those who chose to listen to the occasional music that was played. The instrument was a sort of semi-pipe organ—a vocalion, it was called—and the man who played upon it was a teacher in the high-school and the organist at Holy Trinity Chapel. Mrs. West listened to him with evident pleasure, and then she told Stamford that Mary Estee was going to sing by-and-by.

"And who is Mary Estee?" asked Stamford.

"Mary Estee? Oh, she's our soprano—she sings at Holy Trinity Chapel. She is Professor Krimbaugh's favorite scholar. By-the-way, have you been to the Art Gallery yet? I want you to see the chrysanthemums that Nanny Dudley painted. She's studying in Boston this season."

Stamford, wondering who Professor Krimbaugh was, said that he had not been to the Art Gallery yet, but that he would go and see Miss Dudley's chrysanthemums. Before he went Mrs. West stopped him to say: "You must be sure and come back at eleven o'clock and hear Mary Estee sing. At eleven o'clock, remember."

Stamford did come back at eleven o'clock. He heard the grunting and growling of the vocalion as he approached from the distance, and he knew that Mr White, the organist, was performing upon it. There was quite a little crowd gathered to listen. Stamford took his seat upon one of the wooden benches in front of the raised pen wherein the vocalion was enclosed, and by-and-by, after Mr White had played for a while, the West Newham soprano ascended the dais amid a rattling discharge of applause. She was dressed with a rather elaborate imitation of a real concert soprano, and there was something suggestively pathetic in the caricature. She sang a very ambitious number, was encored, and then sang "Kathleen Mavourneen." Stamford knew really nothing about music, but he had heard singers sing, and he recognized that Miss Estee had really an exquisite voice, with an almost professional ring about it.

After the performance was over, he got Mrs. West to introduce him to the singer He had not recognized how young and how pretty she was until he spoke to her. She could not have been over nineteen years old. She was excessively cold and reserved in her manner, and though Stamford was very well aware that that manner was assumed to cover her diffidence and her uncertainty of herself, he was overawed by it in spite of himself. Still, he talked with her for a while, with only partial success. "Indeed, Miss Estee," said he, for the twentieth time, "you have a magnificent voice, a superb voice;" and then he added, "you ought to go abroad and study."

"I've studied two years," said Miss Estee, "under Professor Krimbaugh."

"Oh!" said Stamford. He was silent for a moment or two, and then he began again: "I don't know anything of Professor Krimbaugh, but he can't give you what you could get abroad. Of course you'd have better chances in studying abroad, you know, than you have here. You can get better training there even than you could get in Boston. Yes! You ought to go abroad; that's what you ought to do. Art is in its infancy in this country, compared to what it is abroad. You might go to England. You know they teach music as well in England now as they do anywhere else. In fact, they have turned out some very great singers in England." He felt that he was talking of something that he did not know anything about, but what he said sounded well.

Miss Estee stood for a moment without making any reply. There was a very awkward break of silence. Then she saw a friend approaching, and her face lit up with a pleased light of recognition. She left him standing where he was, to join the young woman, which she did with a rather exuberant air of cordiality, and Stamford did not get another chance to talk with her.

Stamford did not make anything out of the county fair, and his trip resulted in nothing. He did not know how to begin writing about it, and even were he to begin, he knew he would not know what to say. But he thought a great deal about Miss Mary Estee, and the more he thought about her the more sure he felt that she had a magnificently superb voice. Why should she not go abroad and develop her voice, as he had suggested? Perhaps she might develop into a great singer. What a splendid thing it would be if he could only get his uncle Elihu and the girls interested in her—if they should send her abroad, and she should develop into a famous prima donna! He continued to build castles in the air about her at odd moments of his time. He fancied her to be an operatic queen, and himself intimate with her. He fancied her crowned with roses and the world at her feet. As for him—he would have made her all this. She would be no longer cold; she would be grateful, and he would be her friend.

When Sunday came he went out to take dinner at his uncle Elihu's. Mr. Elihu Biglow was very rich. He lived just outside of Boston, in one of those beautiful suburbs that are neither of the city nor of the country, but have all the delights and beauties of both. Stamford nearly always went down to Woodbridge on Sunday, attended service at St. Michael's, and then took a family dinner at his uncle's. The family consisted of Mr. Biglow himself, Miss Susan, and Miss Clara. Mr. Biglow was a shy, silent little man, always ill at ease, very quiet and retiring in his manner. Stamford often wondered how he had come to be rich, but then he had never seen him with his sixth ("business") sense aroused. Miss Susan was like her father, very silent and shy. She did not often venture anything beyond a timid commonplace, and she would sit with her hands folded in her lap listening attentively to what Clara said. Miss Clara was bright and "smart" enough for all three; indeed, she was bright to over-keenness, and perhaps for that reason was not so popular as she might have been; for people, as a rule, do not like to be made pin-cushions for witty sayings.

Clara laughed at Stamford when he told about his prima donna. She had studied music diligently, and she played the Sunday-school organ at St. Michael's and led the choir in singing. "Why, Tom," said she, "your swan's a goose, and nothing more. There's not a country town nowadays that does not have its soprano. They all have genius, too, and most of them study music. This girl you're speaking of—I'll venture to say, if you only knew it, that she's gone through a course of vocal training, just as they all do, under the instruction of some provincial teacher of vocalization."

Stamford, remembering Professor Krimbaugh, did not deny Miss Clara's assertion. "But her voice hasn't been properly brought out," he said.

And then Miss Clara laughed again. But though Miss Clara laughed, Stamford had, after all, said enough to interest the Biglows in Miss Estee. By tea-time they were all talking seriously about her, with only an occasional joke from Miss Clara, and before Stamford had left them the two young ladies had agreed to go down to West Newham the following Sunday to hear Miss Estee sing. They went, and they came back only less enthusiastic than Stamford had been. Then Uncle Elihu himself became interested. A great deal of negotiation and correspondence followed, and then the girl came down to Boston.

Her father came with her. He was cashier of the West Newham National Bank, where he had a salary very much smaller than his family He was a colorless little man, dressed in dull black. He had a large nose and a thin face, and he made you somehow think of a mouse. It seemed to Stamford that the little man toadied to his uncle Elihu. He was disappointed in the girl herself; she did not look nearly so well now that she was brought down to Boston. In West Newham, where she belonged, her localisms did not appear nearly so local. Nevertheless, Miss Estee certainly had a fine voice. The Biglow girls took charge of her, and one day they took her into town. She sang before that eminent musician Dr Mortimer, with all the poise and assurance of inexperience and ignorance. Dr. Mortimer liked her voice very much indeed. He was an extremely quiet man and did not say much, but what he did say was of the very best and most encouraging.

During Miss Estee's stay in Boston, Stamford saw a great deal of her The Biglow girls, who had her in charge, were both interested in her and amused with her When she asked for a little more "chicking" at dinner, Miss Clara almost winked at Stamford. But it was only occasionally that Miss Estee made such lapses in Stamford's presence. She was very bright and quick-witted, and she did not often betray herself before him. She very well knew that she bristled with localisms and idioms, and whenever a stranger was present she hedged herself around with a silence that was almost resentful, and from which she looked out sharply and keenly whenever she suspected herself of having erred in something she had said or done. She must have talked with the Biglow girls more freely and unreservedly as she got better acquainted with them. Miss Clara used to repeat scraps of her conversation with a precision and accuracy that made Stamford laugh in spite of himself. "It's a shame," said he, helplessly, "to make such fun of a poor girl; she can't help her peculiarities."

"Dear me," said Clara Biglow, "I don't mean to make any naughty fun of her. I like her very much; indeed I do; but I can't help being amused when she 'wants to know!' or when she says to me 'do tell!'"

During the time that Miss Estee was in Boston before she went abroad she sang repeatedly at St. Michael's. At the conclusion of the first service at which she sang a number of the more prominent people of the rich and more than respectable congregation came up to thank her for her lovely voice. Stamford stood near her, holding her wraps; he felt almost an air of proprietorship that was very delightful. The girl received her ovation with an air of reserve and coldness under which the enthusiasm wilted, in spite of its initial warmth.

In the beginning of December Miss Estee went to Europe with a friend of the Biglows, and letters of introduction from Dr. Mortimer to some of the leading musical lights in London, and a check for a good round sum from Mr. Biglow.

For a time the Biglows heard every little while from Miss Estee. The letters they received were written in a precise, almost school-girlish hand, and her sentences were joined together with a great many "and's" and "so's." Clara used to read them to Stamford of a Sunday with a nasal intonation and a slurring of the "r's" into "ah's," very much like Miss Estee's own style of talking. So for a little while the acquaintance and the correspondence were kept up. Then the letters became more intermittent. Then came a letter saying that Miss Estee would have no more need of Uncle Elihu's monetary assistance, and that she had a position that would easily pay for her support and her tuition. Then came another letter; then a long interval of silence. Then came another letter, enclosing a check, returning the money that Mr. Elihu Biglow had advanced her; then a silence that was not again broken.

But Stamford heard of her once or twice, more or less indirectly. A friend of the Biglows, a Mrs. Walker, had met her in London. The young lady had been asked to sing at an evening company; Mrs. Walker had talked with her afterwards, and the girl had said that she was about going to the Continent. "She is very successful," said Mrs. Walker, "and she is very different from what I remember her here. So much more—what shall I say?—fine. Yes, fine—and polished." That was about the last time that Stamford heard of his *protégée*. Then she drifted out of his life altogether, and became only a remembrance.

Eight or nine years passed, and Stamford grew from his green unripe state to the mellowness of manhood. The *Liberator* faded out from its cherry-stain state of existence into that of painted deal and rough-cast plaster, and thence faded out and was gone from the world of letters. Stamford succeeded in his profession, and became the assistant editor upon the *New Era*, and it was a part of the whirligig of fate that Mr. Cadger should now bring contributions to him. "Ah, Mr. Stamford," said the ex-editor, "I knew you had the talent when you used to write for me in the *Liberator*, and I used to say that boy is bound to succeed." And Stamford laughed and was kind to him.

It was about this time that a singer developed very suddenly somewhere abroad. The first that the American world knew of her was that she was singing in London, and that all the world was talking about her. Her name was Marie d'Esti, and some familiarity in the sound made Stamford think of his own soprano, and laugh at his old ambitions, and wonder what became of her. Then D'Esti's manager brought her over to this country in a revival of Italian opera, and she was presented in New York with phenomenal success. One Saturday afternoon a lot of exchanges was brought into the office of the *New Era*, among others some illustrated weeklies. Stamford was passing by the table where they lay, when the front-page illustration of one of the papers caught his eye, and he stopped to look at it. It was an engraving, a portrait of Marie d'Esti, painted by Jasper. There was something very familiar about the face that struck Stamford at once, and he looked at it for a long time, with his head first on one side and then on the other. Suddenly recognition came almost like a flash. "By George!" said he, fairly speaking aloud; "by George! It is! Yes, it must be. By Jove!" Then he folded up the paper and stuck it in his pocket.

He still kept up his practice of taking his Sunday dinner at his uncle Elihu's, and the next day when he went out to Woodbridge he carried the illustrated newspaper with him. "Look here, girls," said he, after they had come home from church together, and he took the newspaper out of his overcoat pocket and opened it. "Here's a picture of Marie d'Esti. Do you recognize it?"

They did recognize her very quickly. Miss Clara emphasized the recognition with an almost breathless "Well, I never!" She looked very long and steadily at the newspaper portrait. "I never thought of it being her," said she. "Why, of course, that's just exactly who it is!" and then she said again, after a while, "Well, I never!"

That winter Marie d'Esti came to Boston to sing, and of course Stamford and the Biglows went to hear her upon her opening night. They hardly recognized her at first, but with the aid of the opera-glasses the identity was unmistakable. Her voice had been very extensively advertised, but it was all the advertisement claimed it to be—it was wonderful. It was not especially powerful, but it was supple and flexible in the extreme, her runs and trills being given with no apparent effort, and with all the ease and fluency of a singing-bird.

"Well, she has certainly learned how to sing," whispered Stamford. "Who would have thought that the county fair at West Newham would have produced this?"

"I tell you what I'd like to do," whispered Miss Clara in response. "I would like to go to the stage entrance and see her come out. I can hardly believe, even yet, it really is she."

So, after the performance was over, they went around and stood on the cold sidewalk at the stage entrance. A coupé—a dashing, brilliant affair—was waiting for the singer. By-and-by she came out, muffled in a loose white wrap and a suit of rich fur She was under the escort of a gentleman of a distinctly foreign appearance, wearing mustaches waxed to points and a singularly man-of-the-world air. She was about passing the little group under the cluster of lights at the curb, when she looked up and saw them. Recognition came with a flash. She stopped for an instant. Then she snatched her hand from her escort's arm and came quickly to them.

"Oh," she cried, "I am so glad—so very glad to see you! I was going to write to tell you I was in Boston, but I can't tell you how busy I am. My secretary is sick, and I almost never write letters myself. But do come and see me, won't you? I'm stopping at the Hôtel Mètropole." Then she turned suddenly to her escort, who all this time was standing aside with an infinitely gentlemanly air of fine reserve, holding some of the singer's wraps upon his arm. "Count," said she, "these are the ladies of whom I have so often spoken to you. Miss Biglow, Miss Clara Biglow, Mr. Biglow, let me introduce you to my husband, Count Stinitz. Count Stinitz, Mr. Stamford."

Her husband bowed in a general and affable way, and in an exceedingly gentlemanly fashion, to the Boston people, and then she took his arm again.

"Remember," said the singer, with a smile that was very beautiful, "I shall expect to see you at the Hôtel Métropole to-morrow. Good-night." And then she was gone.

The four stood for a while in the dark and silent street, dirty with the snow that had been trodden underfoot. Nothing could have exceeded the spontaneousness and cordiality of the singer's greeting; it was beyond measure warm and hearty, and she evidently meant that she wanted to see them. Nevertheless, there was about her an indescribable air of urbanity, almost of condescension—not in the least snobbish, not in the least assumed, but very plainly a manner that had grown upon her with the splendid growth of her fortune. They had none of them known before what a great personage a great singer was.

"Well," said Miss Clara, breaking the silence with a deep breath, "upon my word!" and Stamford burst out laughing.

"She did not write because her secretary was sick," said Miss Clara again, just as she was stepping into the carriage. "I feel as though we had all lived in a barn-yard and had hatched out a swan!" and Stamford laughed again.

THIS BUSY WORLD

In a recent report of a committee of the House of Commons on the treatment of inebriates a list of recommendations was made for increasing the efficacy of the Inebriates Act. The act at present provides for the committal of inebriates to retreats at their own desire, and for their retention when once committed for not more than one year. The committee recommends among other things that the law be so amended as to provide for the compulsory committal of habitual drunkards to reformatory institutions, and for doubling the maximum period of permissible retention. The committee seems to take the novel ground that habitual drunkenness is not an unfortunate peculiarity, but is a disposition of such inconvenience to society that society has a right to cure it if it can. It would have a habitual drunkard's relations or friends, or persons interested in his welfare, empowered to apply for his committal, and it would make his property liable for his maintenance, and even for the support of his wife and family. The London *Times* thinks that these suggestions mark the beginning of a change for the worse in the conditions of inebriety. "One thing," it says, "may be considered as proved, namely, that the halcyon days of the habitual drunkard are drawing near to their close. He is no longer looked upon as nobody's enemy but his own, or as a convenient butt for merrymakers who are tending towards his own condition. People are beginning to realize that he is a curse and a nuisance, and that if he cannot be mended, he must inevitably before long be placed in some kind of permanent seclusion." Intending drunkards on this side of the Atlantic will please note the sentiments of the enlightened Britisher towards persons of their class, and take (or abstain from) measures according. There is no vital difference between the British and the American attitude towards drunkards, and no assurance that if it is found desirable in London to lock them up, it may not presently prove equally advisable in New York.

There is something comparatively novel, by-the-way, in the proposition that drunkards shall be held responsible for their drunkenness and treated for it. The remedies most in vogue among the temperance enthusiasts provide for shutting off everybody's grog, for fear the drunkards will get more than their share, and for locking up almost every one else connected with the rum traffic except the customer, who makes most of the trouble. Vicarious atonement is said to be the law of nature. Certainly it is popular, perhaps deservedly so. But there is such a thing as running even a good thing into the ground, and any contrivance that would help to make the drunkard carry the burden of his own drunkenness instead of imposing it upon his fellows would be entitled to be popular in the community.

One of the most outspoken and glaring objections to gardens is the trouble of watering the plants. This objection is serious enough when the garden is your own, and you are personally dedicated to the development of its floral life. But to be dedicated to another person's garden—a wife's, a sister's, even a mother's—is more trying still, and humanity habitually rebels at it. It will pay persons who are thus in servitude to some one else's plants to inform themselves how to determine whether a plant needs water or not. A Boston contemporary decries in a timely paragraph the practice of deluging plants with cold water after the very first hot day. Such treatment is bad for them, it says, since they need sunshine and warmth quite as much as water, and it takes more than a few hot days to dry the moisture out of the soil about their roots. As for grass, to water that too early is to encourage it in idle and thriftless habits. If left alone it will send its roots down deep, where they will find moisture in hot weather, but if constantly flooded the roots will stay near the surface and the grass will wither all the earlier. It is time enough to water grass when it actually begins to get brown.

No man of proper spirit can see a woman toiling with a watering-pot without offering to help her, but if he can convince her that her plants are better off unwatered he may ease his conscience without detriment either to his raiment or his state of mind. In small things, as in great, knowledge is power, and the knowledge of what not to do is at least as powerful as the other kind.

The *Tribune* spoke of Dr. Holmes's latest poem as "a religious lyric whose literary beauty is only surpassed by the noble spirit of true religion that breathes through every word of it"; but the *Sun* of the same date said of the same poem that it "is not as worthy of the spirit and genius of its author as it ought to be," and "not up to the mark of sacred poetry." Here is an interesting example of the differences of opinion that may obtain among expert judges as to the qualities of verse. It is matter of record that the editor of the *Sun* knows poetry when he sees it. But the *Tribune* is a journal of considerable literary pretensions and a large consumer of poetical matter, and might fairly be expected to know poetry almost as well as the *Sun*. Yet these two authorities are as distinctly at variance about the qualities of Dr. Holmes's poem as if it were a horse, or a robin's egg, or anything else the true inwardness of which has to be surmised from its outward appearance. There seems to be no such thing as a prompt and final settlement of the merits of a new poem, particularly if it is the work of a famous author.

If the Infanta Eulalia had a good time in Chicago, and it seems that she did, a large part of the credit of it belongs to her own indomitable purpose to have a reasonable share of real recreation stirred into her hard work. It may be said of the Infanta, without disrespect, that she "shakes up" remarkably well. She has proved herself able to enjoy all that has been enjoyable in her visit, and even competent to make her own plans and discriminate between sports. If her notion of having a good time has been to go out informally and see the fair, rather than to pose before the social celebrities of Chicago, it is not a preference that will damage her at all in the estimation of the majority of Americans. To eat off of Mrs. Palmer's gold and silver dinner service at the Palmer House is a privilege, to be sure, but Eulalia can do that sort of thing at home, as she can also confabulate with swells to her heart's content, whereas she could not find a Columbian Exposition except at Jackson Park. She has chosen the experiences that are rare to those that are common, thereby showing a sort of discrimination that is very much to her credit.

One rare experience that she has had, and which she undoubtedly values, was her meeting with Chicago's accomplished Mayor. It is asserted that Mayor Harrison bought the only tall hat he ever possessed, and even had his hair cut, in her honor. Certainly he proved himself equal to the only occasion on which royalty and Chicago have met, and acquitted himself with such profuse and elaborate success as must have brought confusion to his detractors. It is the fashion to decry the Mayors of American cities, and to suggest that our democratic methods of choosing city officials are not adapted to put Nature's noblemen in the high places of municipal government. But the Infanta's visit has demonstrated that the Mayors of our big towns are good all-around men, and not easily flabbergasted by novelties.

It is not easy of belief, but it is true, that the Marquis of Caermarthen rose up in the House of Commons on the 29th of May and called attention to "the growing practice of carrying revolvers in the streets" of London. "The government," he said, "would ask the House to have patience, but meanwhile men were being shot in the streets day after day." The remedy he proposed was to prohibit the sale of revolvers, except to persons who could produce a license to carry them. Americans who visit London this summer must bear in mind that they are not at home, and be prepared to rush for cover when they hear firing.

Since an apparent deterioration in the work of a distinguished contemporary poet led a brother poet to conjecture that "some one was keeping him sober," a number of contemporary newspapers have been discussing the value of alcohol as a provocative of verse. It is believed that some admirable poems have been struck off under alcoholic inspiration. A number of poems have that reputation, anyway, and it was probably well earned. But it is most unlikely that any poet ever earned a considerable reputation by work done *in vino*. What is in the head is very apt to get into the verses, and grog in the head makes groggy verse. Rum sometimes stirs the imagination and suggests poetry by the ream, but good verse seldom gets written at the time. It may happen, though, that a man may have poetry and rum in him at the same time, and that both of them may work out; but in such cases the rum usually works out first, and the poetry afterwards. When drunken poets write good poetry they do it in their sober intervals. Yet it has been suggested that unless they had intervals they could write no poems, and unless they had rum they would have no intervals, but merely an unbroken stretch of barren mediocrity. That may possibly be true of some men, but if such there are they should go in for quality—for few poems and very good—since the cost of production in such cases is far too great to warrant a profuse output. E. S. Martin.

OUR NEW BATTLE-SHIP.

BY WILLIAM NEPHEW KING, JUN.

Ten o'clock on Saturday morning, June 10th, was the hour fixed for the battle-ship's natal plunge, but long before that time Superintending Constructor Lewis Nixon, of the Cramp yard, was busy with his army of workmen. One by one the heavy shores supporting the great mass of steel were knocked away, and the process of "wedging up" the cradle began. Before the weight had been removed from the after keel-blocks, however, the ***Massachusetts*** plainly showed impatience for her bath, and when the young constructor turned to Mr. Charles H. Cramp and said, "All ready to saw off, sir," there was a crackling of timbers under the bow of the war-ship, and her shoe-piece parted at the first touch of the saw.

A cheer went up from the workmen below, another from the enthusiastic spectators, and down the slippery ways dashed seven thousand tons of steel, making a graceful bow with the stem as she touched her native element.

None save those who have watched a great battle-ship grow day by day from infancy to childhood can fully realize what "launching day" means to the naval architect. Upon his delicate calculations depends success or failure, and more than once as I saw Constructor Nixon's anxious face did I recall his words in the ***Encyclopædia Britannica***. Speaking of the launch of a ship, he says, "An architect's heart is in his mouth until the vessel touches the water." A slight error as to the position of the centre of gravity, a fraction of an inch in the altitude of the keel-blocks, might mean the breaking of a vessel's "backbone" and a loss of more than a million dollars. Is it strange, then, that the marvellous success of the recent launch brought forth much enthusiasm from professional as well as non-professional spectators?

The ***Massachusetts*** is the second of our great war-vessels afloat, her sister ship the *Indiana* having been launched last February. These vessels merit more than a passing notice, for they are the only ones in the navy of the United States sufficiently powerful to cope with the first-rates of Europe. Sir John Colomb once said, "In all naval and military operations, both offensive and defensive, there is a golden mean, to neglect which is certain ruin." And our Navy Department in building the ***Massachusetts*** has evidently followed this maxim, for such a type seems to be an intelligent compromise between the modern high-sided cruiser and the low freeboard Monitor. The mission of battle-ships of this class is not merely to protect our sea-coast, but to act as parent vessel to a fleet despatched upon distant service—in other words, to carry the war into the enemy's territory.

Though the ***Massachusetts*** will have a displacement of only 10,000 tons, to that of 14,000 in the latest English designs, she is immeasurably superior both in battery and armor. The American's guns and gunners will fight behind armored turrets, barbettes, and shields, while the Englishman will be forced to work his battery in the open. Though the vitals of both will be protected by armor, the foreigners carry compound against our nickel steel, despite the fact that the superiority of the latter has been demonstrated upon more than one occasion.

Again, in most of the recently designed English ships their guns load in only one position. This necessitates their turning to and from this position after each fire—a very serious defect in a war-ship, as a shot from a rapid-fire battery might disable one of the larger guns. The battery of the American vessels loads in every position, which enables them to keep the muzzles of their guns always pointed toward the enemy.

The ***Massachusetts*** will carry a battery of four 13-inch breech-loading rifles, eight of 8-inches, four of 6-inches, twenty 6-pounders, four 1-pounders, and two Gatlings. The 13-inch guns will be mounted in pairs on the centre line and in turrets protected by seventeen inches of steel. The 8-inch guns will be mounted in barbettes, protected by ten inches of steel, with sloping shields to cover both guns and gunners. The four 6-inch guns will be protected by five inches of steel. It will be possible to concentrate the fire of both the main and auxiliary batteries on either bow or quarter, and ammunition will be supplied through armored steel tubes.

The side armor of the ***Massachusetts*** consists of an 18-inch belt, which is placed three feet above and four and a half feet below the water-line. At each end of this belt are armored redoubts seventeen inches thick extending three and a half feet above the main-deck. The latter protect the turning-gear of the turrets and all the loading mechanism. In addition to this, the turrets will all be armored with seventeen inches of nickel steel.

THE "MONTEREY" AT SEA.

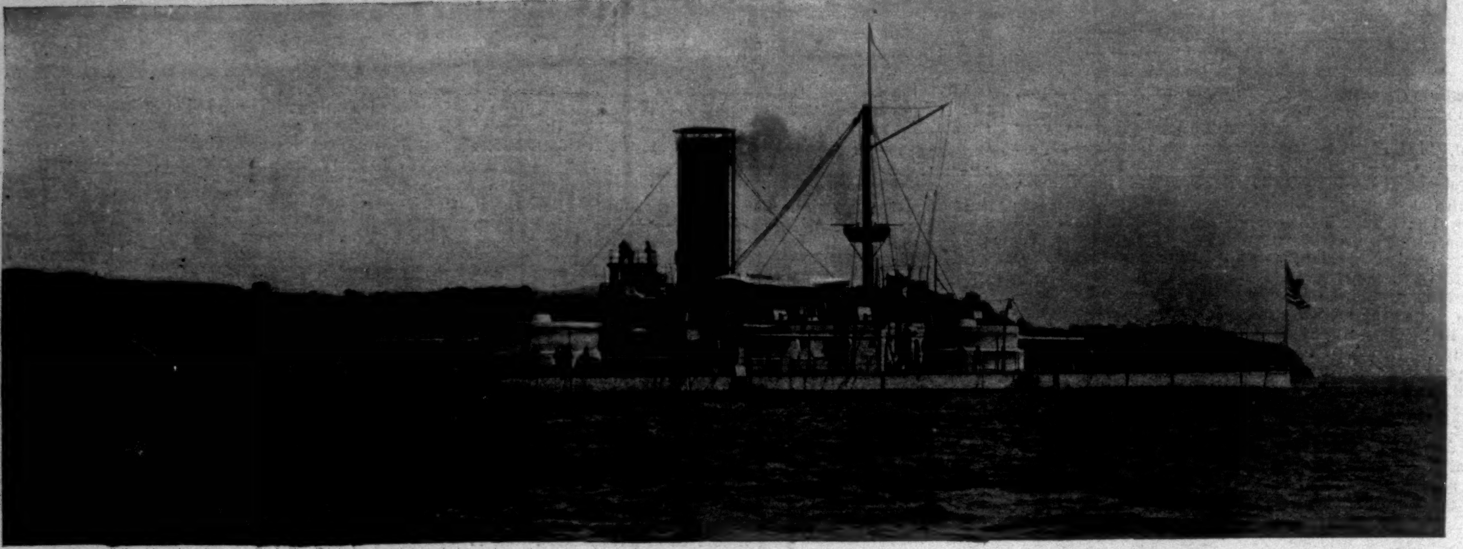
If the *Monitor* was described properly as a "cheese-box on a raft," it would not be out of place to speak of the *Monterey* as two cheese-boxes on a raft; but while the *Monitor* was an inspiration born of urgent necessity, the *Monterey* is the product of evolution, development, and careful thought and study. The *Monterey* is devoid of the structural weaknesses which made the Monitor class of vessels unseaworthy, particularly in the matter of the overhang, which presented to every ocean wave a target that could not be missed. The *Monterey*, being as yet the only vessel of her class in commission in the new navy, is naturally an object of much interest to all who believe in the duty of the United States to have a navy equal to that of any maritime power of the world.

Before the *Monterey* was sent to sea for her trial trip under the direction of a naval board there were many dark and gloomy predictions as to the result. It was asserted that if she ever got a sea over her forward deck the weight of the water would swamp her, and she would go down as though on a toboggan slide; that her much-discussed Scotch boilers would leak so badly as to put out the fires; that if the 12-inch rifled guns were fired they would tear themselves loose from their carriages and wreck everything within reach; that their recoil would tear up flooring, crack deck beams, and possibly heel the ship so far as to make it impossible for her to get back to an even keel; and that the concussion would stun and deafen everybody on board, to say nothing of such minor casualties as shattering all the glass and crockery ware on the ship. These are only a portion of the prophecies of disaster which anticipated the *Monterey's* baptism in blue water.

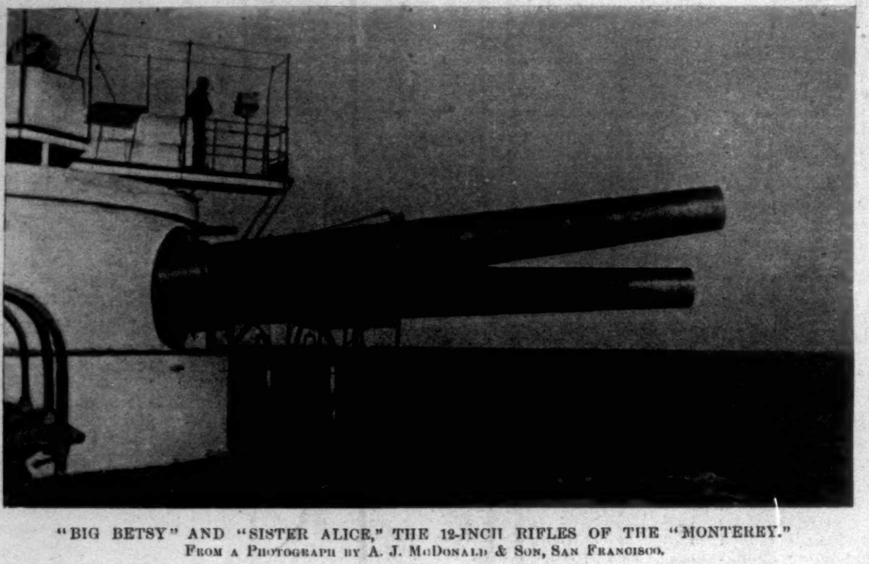
However, orders had been given that the *Monterey* should go to sea, and that all her guns should be fired on the trip, no matter what might happen, so on the 28th of May, about 3.30 P.M., she weighed her anchors and left her moorings at Sausalito, on the northern shore of the Bay of San Francisco, where she had been lying since the previous day, waiting for the fog which hung over the entrance to the Golden Gate to clear away, so as to insure a correct departure, as the navigators call it. The ship moved slowly and steadily from her anchorage, and as she rounded Lime Point and was directed seaward she felt the first of the swell and surge of the broad Pacific. Due west went the *Monterey* until the bar was reached, and here the sea-going qualities of the vessel were first demonstrated. Instead of plunging bodily into the seas which were coming head on, and fighting her way through them by main strength, the *Monterey* rose to the waves as successfully as though she had been a light wooden ship instead of a mass of steel and iron. Her forward deck was all awash, of course, for nothing else could be expected from a vessel with such a small freeboard; but instead of carrying tons upon tons of water upon that deck, the vessel rose and shook herself clear of the water, as any well-constructed ship should do. The first plunge settled the question of the buoyancy of the *Monterey*, and one of the predictions of evil went to pieces then and there.

Still westward, across the bar and out past the Farallon Islands, steamed the *Monterey*, until seven o'clock, when the engines were slowed down and the ship kept under easy steam during the night, still pointed westward. The next morning was bright and clear, and shortly after daylight the course of the vessel was turned southward. Here was to be one of the crucial tests of the stability of the vessel. The change of course brought her into the trough of the sea, and now, if ever, she was to do the terrific rolling which had been threatened, and which was to wrench everything loose, from 12-inch guns to mess kids. The *Monterey* did roll, it is true, but the maximum heeling of the ship was a little less than twelve degrees, and the average roll, under conditions chosen to test the matter thoroughly, only about eight degrees, which established the vessel as a very stiff sea-boat.

These tests having been made, the next thing on the official programme was to try the speed of the vessel. At



THE UNITED STATES COAST-DEFENCE STEAMER "MONTEREY" AT ANCHOR.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. J. McDONALD & SON, SAN FRANCISCO.



"BIG BETSY" AND "SISTER ALICE," THE 12-INCH RIFLES OF THE "MONTEREY."
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. J. McDONALD & SON, SAN FRANCISCO.

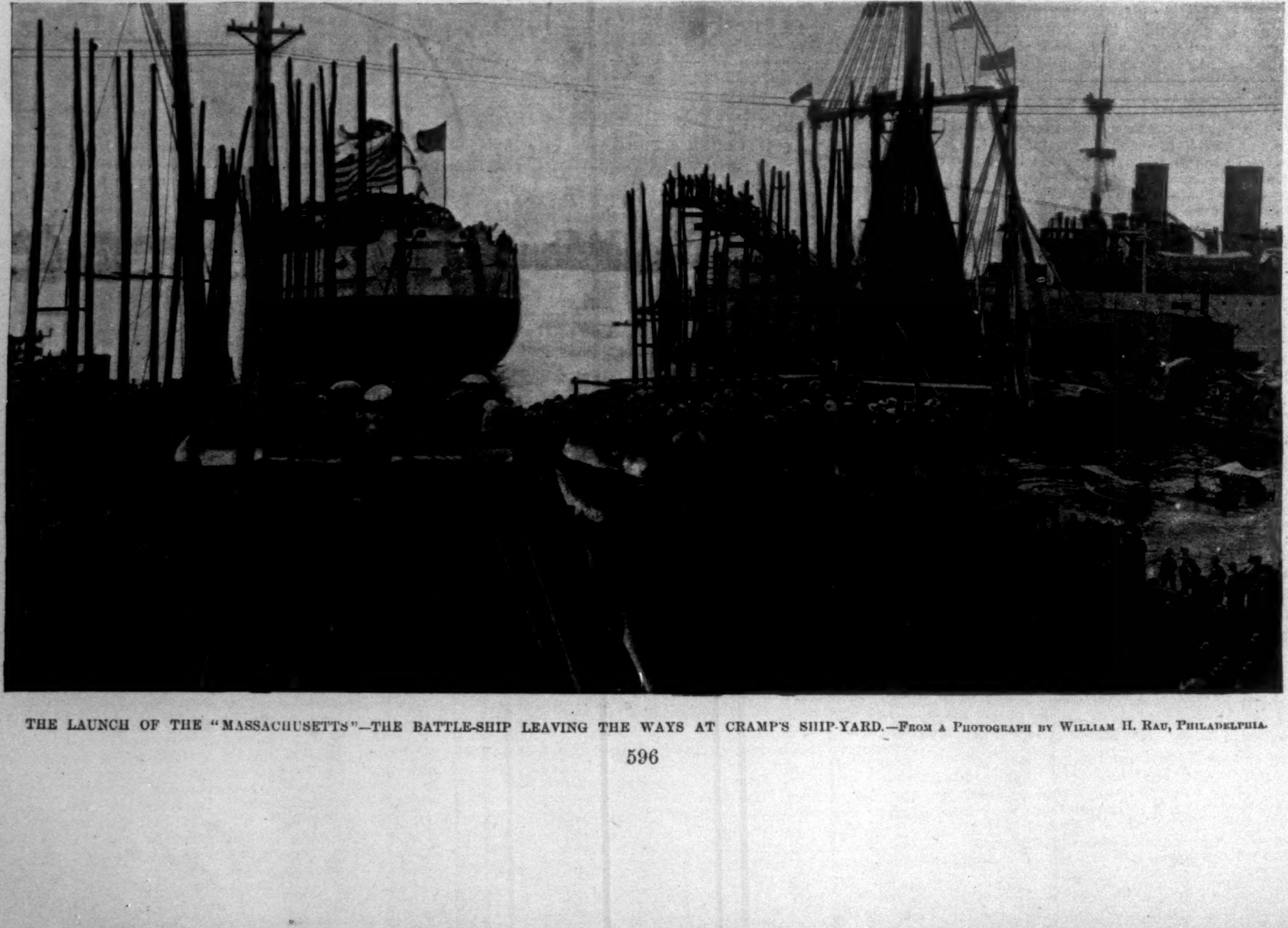
nine o'clock A. M. a four hours' continuous run under forced draft began, the course of the vessel being southward and parallel with the coast. The four hours took her nearly sixty miles to the south, the log of the four hours' run being as follows: Maximum speed attained, 12.8 knots; total distance covered, 51 knots; average speed, 12.75 knots; maximum steam pressure, 157 pounds in engine-room, 160 pounds in fire-room; mean steam pressure, 150.2 pounds; maximum revolutions of engines per minute, 144; coal consumption, 9550 pounds per hour. It is unnecessary to say in this connection that the Scotch boilers did not leak and put out the fires, but, on the contrary, did just what they were expected to do. The speed attained surpassed all expectations, since it was known that the ship's bottom was foul with weeds and grass, which had effected a lodgement while the vessel had been lying at anchor at the Mare Island Navy-yard. After the four hours' test run was concluded there was nothing to do but to go on steaming, as the conditions of the trial trip required the ship to be kept at sea for forty-eight hours. Nothing of special interest occurred until the next morning, when Captain Howison, who was in charge of the Board of Inspection, and Captain Kempff, commander of the *Monterey*, determined to fire the big guns with the ship under way, instead of running in to an anchorage, as had been planned.

When the orders were given to beat to quarters, it may be imagined that the moment was an exciting if not an anxious one. "Big Betsy" and "Sister Alice," the 12-inch rifles on the forward turret, are the heaviest guns in service, and neither had ever been fired outside the proving-grounds, just after their completion. Their discharge from on shipboard was purely experimental, and therefore attended with some apprehension and intense interest. The 10-inch guns in the after-turret were fired first, one with a charge of 200 pounds of powder and a 450-pound projectile, and the other with a full charge of 253 pounds of powder and a projectile of the same weight, and everything had passed off perfectly, so the order was given to load "Big Betsy." The charge of 335 pounds of powder and an 830-pound shell were fed to the marine monster, and then, while everybody held his breath, Lieutenant Nicholson, the ordnance officer of the *Monterey*, pulled the lanyard, and the deed was done. There was a mighty roar and a flash of flame, and the shell went hurtling westward, ricochetting once and again until it sank in the waters of the ocean. But where was the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds that was to accompany the discharge? There simply was none. The entire recoil of the gun, fired with a full service charge, was only 41½ inches, and there was not a piece of glass or crockery broken on the vessel, nor was a man injured or stunned in any way by the concussion. Another prediction had gone by the board, and "Big Betsy's" quality as a lady of force and discretion been fully established.

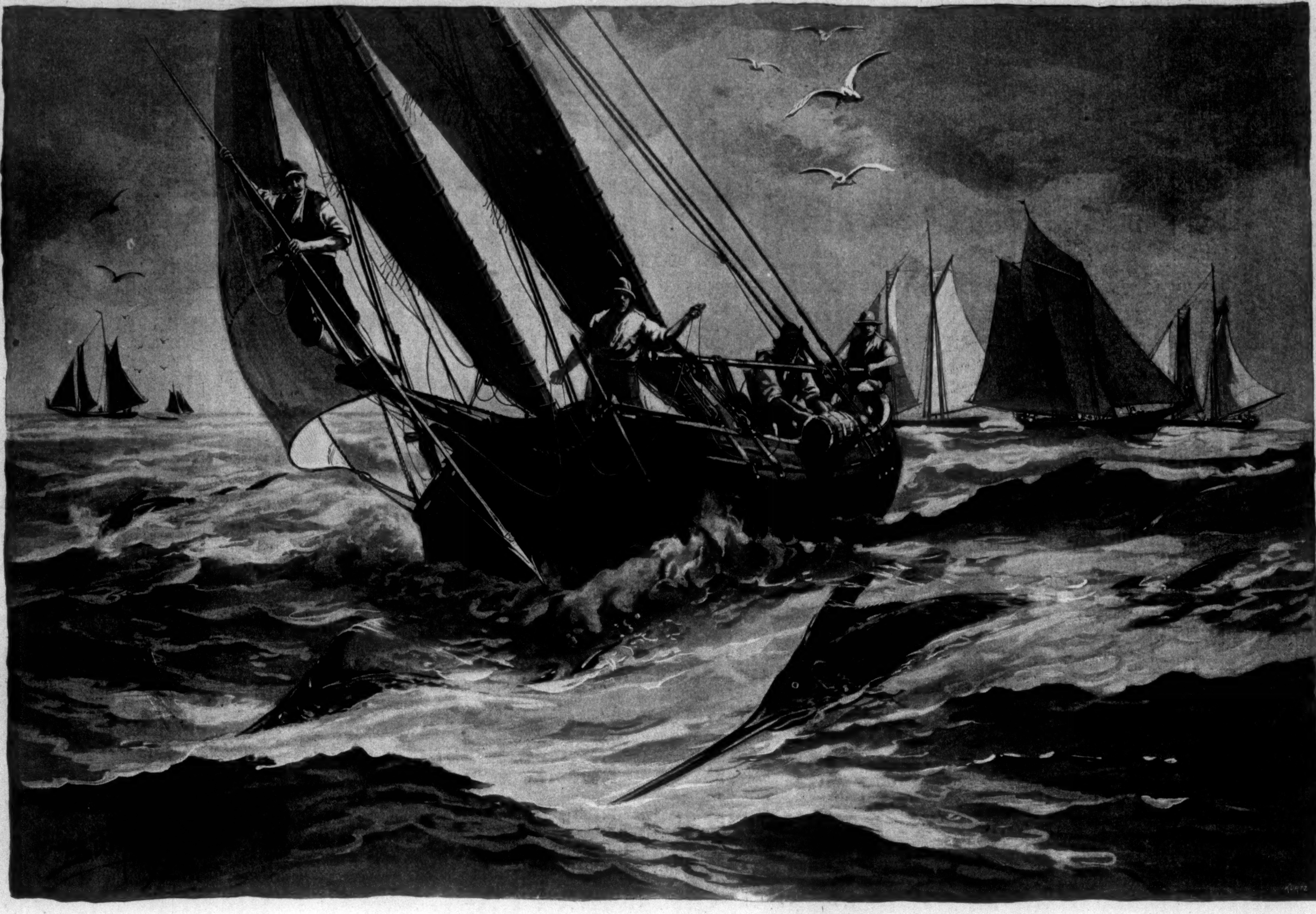
Then occurred the only unpleasant incident of the cruise, and it would not be worth mentioning had it not been misrepresented by an imaginative reporter. "Sister Alice" had been fired with a reduced charge, and when the gun was sponged and washed out after the first fire the chamber was not made perfectly clean, so that when a big shell was being put into the breech of the gun for a second discharge it stuck, and had to be extricated, and this was all the foundation for the story of the inefficiency of one of the 12-inch rifles. The story told by the same reporter of the motion of the turrets when the ship rolled was equally incorrect. The turrets are not armored yet, and when the 13-inch Harveyized nickel steel is in place they will be as firm and solid as the everlasting hills.

Such, in brief, is a sketch of the *Monterey's* first outing. The vessel returned to San Francisco the next day, and thence to the navy-yard, in such excellent condition in every respect as to be fit for active service, barring her lack of armor, at a moment's warning. Her cruise was not a long one, but it was complete and exhaustive, and entirely satisfactory in proving that there is no more formidable fighting-ship afloat than the *Monterey*.

MARCUS P. WIGGIN,
San Francisco.



THE LAUNCH OF THE "MASSACHUSETTS"—THE BATTLE-SHIP LEAVING THE WAYS AT CRAMP'S SHIP-YARD.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WILLIAM H. RAU, PHILADELPHIA.



SWORD-FISHING OFF NANTUCKET.—DRAWN BY M. J. BURNS.—[SEE PAGE 603.]

THE CLIFF-DWELLERS.*

BY HENRY B. FULLER.

VII.

"WE have been expecting to see you out at the house again," she said to the young man, as they settled on the stairs. They were seated just below the landing. Her dress, trimmed with silver braid and little groups of flaunting bows, grazed his knees; he could number every stone in the rings that crowded her long thin fingers. "We didn't suppose a matter of eighteen miles would scare you."

"It don't. But you're never home."

"Oh yes, I am—once in a while. When you do favor us again, get a time-table for the next time after. I never heard of the 'Q.' charging anything for them."

"I will."

"Awfully sudden about Mayme, wasn't it?" she said, with a suddenness of her own. "I didn't suppose it was going to end like that—at least not right away. I dare say you have been noticing how cousin Frances looks at me every now and then. You might think *I* was the one to blame. She's been talking to mother about it to-night—and me. I guess I'm going home all right enough."

"Don't you want to?"

"Oh, I don't mind. But what's the dif.?—far as Mayme is concerned, I mean. She was bound to have him; she wouldn't have anybody else. It was their affair, wasn't it? Well, then, why not let them manage it?"

"I suppose so," assented George, dubiously.

"Her father won't see her, I hear. I'd like such a father. Her sister can't do anything with him."

"Her sister?"

"Yes; she's got about as much influence as anybody. Have you seen her?"

"Yes. Are *you* very well acquainted with her?" he asked.

"Not very. She belongs to the next older generation."

"How much older? Two or three years?"

"Twenty or thirty. She's about the same age as her mother. But more useful. Mayme thinks everything of her. She's a good, steady, plodding stay-at-home. She ought to have been let out and given a show; she's buried there. He makes her do lots of work."

"Her father?"

"Yes. She writes and figures a good deal of the time. She keeps the grocer's and butcher's books, for one thing. Mayme says she knows how to telegraph—they've got their own wire right to the house. When she wants dissipation she goes to her 'Friendly.' And she belongs to a club over here where they read papers and discuss. She was a good deal upset."

"Um," said Ogden, abstractedly. He recalled the girl's appearance, and her little ordeal of having to face a complete stranger at so distressful a juncture. Yet she had borne herself with dignity and composure; nor was he able to deny that she had been as perfectly courteous as her brief appearance permitted. Now that he understood, he had less cause for complaint against her brother, and none at all against her. He dwelt lingeringly on the idea of "a complete stranger." He did not feel that it would have been infinitely more trying to face a curious neighbor. He had begun to idealize the ordeal and the victim of it.

"A penny for your thoughts," he presently heard his companion saying. He came out of his study and looked through the stair rail at the little throng below. Two gentlemen had just come out of the dining-room.

"I was wondering who they were," he replied, at a venture.

"Who?"

"Those two."

The pair was followed by Walworth, whose pleasure it was to pour libations whenever the gathering of two or three together gave a pretext for that ceremony. One of the two sucked in his upper lip with due caution, and both united in a pretence—decent, but slight and futile—that the ladies knew nothing of these hospitable doings.

"That tall brown one is Mr. Ingles. Haven't you met him here before?"

She indicated a man of forty, whose face was shaven except for a pair of snuff-colored whiskers, and whose mouth made a firm, straight, thin line.

"Ingles? Arthur J.?"

"I don't know; I guess so. He owns the building—the Clifton."

"He's no dude," murmured Ogden to himself.

"Eh? Who said he was?"

"Oh, nobody. Who is the other?"

"That's Mr. Atwater—Mr. Ingles's architect. They're chums; were in college together. Isn't he the most fascinating-looking man you ever saw?"

"By Jove, he *is* distinguished, for a fact! Was he born—here?"

"Don't you think it's lovely for a man of his age to have gray hair—gray that's almost white? I shall do all I can to make *my* husband gray-haired before he is middle-aged!"

She laughed at her own audacity. He turned about and stared at her, and she laughed more heartily yet.

"And don't you like the twirl of his mustache? Or would you have preferred him with whiskers?—cut in a straight line right across his cheeks, with the corners near his mouth rounded off, but not too formally. And do you notice the bridge of his nose, and the air it gives him? And his eyes—wait till he turns around; there, did you ever see such a hazel? He seems to have everything—youth, experience, style, family. Why did you ask if he was born here?" she demanded, suddenly.

"Did I? I must have meant—is he going to die here?"

"Why not? You don't suppose that men of talent are going to leave Chicago after this?"

"Do you expect to provide them with careers?"

"I don't see why we shouldn't. We're on the crest of the wave, and we're going higher yet. From now on anybody who leaves us is likely to be sorry for it."

Ogden looked back at Ingles. He stood in a doorway, between Fairchild and Jessie's father.

"Is his wife here?"

"Oh, he isn't married, I don't believe."

"Not married?—Ingles, I mean."

"Oh! Yes, he's married."

"Is his wife here?"

"Dear, no; you have to speak weeks ahead to get her."

"He's the one, then," Ogden assured himself.

"Which one?"

"Her husband. Do you know her?"

"I've met her here." She leaned over the railing. "What are they all laughing about, down there?"

"Do you want to go and see?"

Mrs. Floyd and her sister had appeared in the doorway. Between them was a little girl of five; she had one hand in her mother's, and with the other she clutched a dilapidated doll. The child wore a guimpe and a prim little frock with puffed sleeves; she had long, smooth brown hair that turned thickly at her shoulders, and a pair of big, round, wondering brown eyes.

"It's Claudia," said Jessie Bradley. "Yes, let's go down."

Atwater had placed himself before the child, half crouching, half kneeling. He had the persuasive and ingratiating manner proper to a fashionable architect whose clients were largely women and wealthy ones, and he seemed willing enough to bring his batteries to bear on the tiny woman before him.

"Isn't it pretty late for dolly? Oughtn't she to be put to bed in her own little house?"

The child looked at him soberly. "She hasn't got any house."

"Hasn't got any house?" He glanced at her father. "'Oh, it is pitiful—in a whole cityful.' But if I were to say that I would make you one?" he went on; "one with four rooms. And windows in each room."

The child pondered, fixing a bashful look on his handsome face.

"Would there be stairs?"

"Yes."

"And closets? Mamma says we never have enough closet-room."

"That's right, Claudia," said Ingles, commendingly; "score the profession."

"Yes, closets, if you insist."

"And glass in the windows?"

"Yes. Dear me, they get more exacting with us every year!"

"And—and—" she rolled her eyes around the group, as if wondering whether any important detail had been overlooked—"gas-fixtures? Would there be one in ivery room, with four globes on it?"

"Perhaps."

"But don't charge the poor child a full commission on them," said Ingles, grimly.

"Ah!" murmured Atwater, with a world of meaning. "And if I were to promise to put a nice little red chimney on the roof—what would you say?"

The child clasped her doll firmly and looked down at the carpet. "I shouldn't know whether to belave you," she said, shyly.

There was a burst of laughter. "You dear little tot!" cried Mrs. Fairchild, gathering her up, on no very definite grounds, for a kiss. Her father laughed loudest of all, but her mother contracted her eyebrows in distress.

"That dreadful Norah!" whimpered the poor woman. "She must go."

"Don't dismiss your *bonne*," laughed Atwater, thankful for the diversion; "she'll produce a beautiful accent in time."

"Well, after that," said her father, "I think our little McGintums had better retire. Say good-night, Claudia."

"Not yet," said Ingles. "Not before she has learned that she may have her doubts about a contractor, perhaps, but about an architect—never. Remember that great truth. Good-night, my child. Won't you kiss me?"

He lowered his face, but Claudia drew back. "I don't like whishky," she said, solemnly.

"For Heaven's sake, my pet," cried Floyd, "are you trying to start a panic? There's Norah: go—go."

"Good-night, Claudia," called Atwater; "we won't forget your house. Upon my word, Ingles," he went on, rapidly, and with a face still slightly flushed, "I believe I shall have to reconsider that determination of mine I spoke to you about the other day."

"What's that?" asked Walworth.

"To give up sky-scrapers, and to do nothing but Colonial houses for the nobility and gentry. Sky-scraping is bad enough, but the demands of the modern house-builder are worse. Ingles, you're not as evil as I said you were; I'm sorry I ever called you a Philistine."

"Why did you do that?" asked Fairchild, amused.

"Because," answered Ingles, "I took two weeks to consider whether I could afford to let the Clifton have four good street fronts."

"Didn't you say," demanded Atwater, "that you wanted to put up an architectural monument that would be a credit to the town? Would an eighteen-story flank of bare brick have been a pleasant object? Or, rather, is it?—for you see that sort of business all over the city. Heavens!" he went on, "we're doing some horrible things here, but we are not the ones who are altogether to blame."

"Who says you haven't done well with the Clifton?" demanded Ann Wilde. Most of the ladies had retired from these masculine topics, and were huddled in a gossipy little group at the foot of the stairs; Ann had remained behind, as an owner of real property. "That system of elevators is the most magnificent thing I ever saw."

Atwater groaned. "That's all a building is nowadays—one mass of pipes, pulleys, wires, tubes, shafts, chutes, and what not, running through an iron cage of from fourteen to twenty stages. Then the artist comes along and is asked to apply the architecture by festooning on a lot of tile, brick, and terra-cotta. And over the whole thing hovers incessantly the demon of Nine-per-cent."

"A slap at me," said Ingles.

"It's enough to make you wonder whether Pericles ever lived. I doubt if he did," concluded Atwater.

"Are you the only sufferer?" asked his client. "How many of our sub-contractors failed?"

"Two."

"How many times were we set on fire by salamanders?"

"Three."

"How many drunken night-watchmen were discharged?"

"Four or five."

"How much of the tin-work did you condemn?"

"Lots."

"How many of the contractors suffered a penalty for overtime?"

"Too many."

"How many times did carpenters wreck plaster-work?"

"Fifty."

"How many times did plasterers ruin wood-work?"

"A hundred."

"How many men were killed or injured?"

"Thirteen."

"Thirteen!" cried Ann Wilde; "how horrible!"

"Then you don't encourage building," commented Bradley; "and Mr. Atwater wouldn't encourage young men to go into architecture."

"As engineers, not as architects," replied Atwater. "Or shall I say—as constructionists?"

"Good word," murmured Ingles.

"Thanks. I've got fifteen draughtsmen under the roof of the Clifton. When a new one comes, I say, 'My dear boy, go in for mining or dredging, or build bridges, or put up railway sheds, if you must; but don't go on believing that architecture nowadays has any great place for the artist. There won't be another fair until long after you are dead and gone.'"

"I think I've had one of your young men with me lately," Bradley said. "He told us that he had been designing labels out at the Stock Yards, but had been in your office before that. Art may cover a wide range, you see," he said, laughing.

"Yes? What is his name?"

"Brainard, I think. He was a dark young fellow. He looked a little dissipated, it seemed to me."

"That's the one," said Atwater. "Now there's a case. That boy's father has treated him shamefully. He might have been made something of. He had a decided taste for drawing, and hardly any other. I won't say he had any great ability, but that wouldn't have mattered so much with training. However, he had no training to speak of, and we couldn't use him. He hasn't got the slightest faculty for business; they wouldn't have made a teller out of him in twenty years. But that was what they tried to do, and when it failed—"

Fairchild gave a delicate little cough.

"You don't have to listen, Fairchild," said Atwater. "Neither does Mr. Pratt, unless he chooses."

Fairchild withdrew a little from the group and stood with his hands behind his back, while the toe of his boot moved the corner of a rug to and fro over the polished floor. Freddy Pratt held his place, but moderated his show of interest. Ogden followed this new recital with a curious concern.

"His father lost all patience with him," Atwater went on. "Naturally, such a father would with such a son. He's altogether out of the family now. Is he with you yet?" he asked Bradley.

"We had him for a while, but he was pretty irregular and unreliable—I never knew why until now. He was pretty shabby, too. I guess he was about grazing bottom most of the time. I never knew what Brainard he was."

"Anyway, he seems to have made a good try," said Ingles. "I suppose he'll live on post-obits now, and go to the dogs as fast as possible."

"If he's let go his hold lately," declared Atwater, "it's on account of his brother. Everything's done for him; he is just run right ahead. Do you know," he continued, dropping his voice and glancing aside towards Fairchild, "that Brainard has just pushed that Burt of his into the vice-presidency? Right over everybody. I don't see how Fairchild can stand it. And what could be better calculated to infuriate the other one—what is his name?—Marcus? I'd take to drink myself."

Ogden listened to all this, and was swayed accordingly. His brief, fluttering attempt to idealize Abbie Brainard ended, and he saw her only in the cold, garish light of crass reality that was beating down so fiercely on the rest of the family. He had been meditating on calling upon her at her father's house, moved by the kind of sympathy that anticipates an invitation, or does without one; this project he now determined to abandon.

VIII.

McDowell had not quartered himself on the twelfth floor of the Clifton—as distinguished from the eleventh or the thirteenth or any other—by a mere chance. He had not been influenced by any finicky consideration of light, prospect, ventilation, or nearness to the elevators. His sole reason for selecting room No. 1262 was that room No. 1263 was occupied by Arthur J. Ingles, the owner of the building.

Ingles occupied a very small room, upon whose door was his name—his name and nothing more—in very small letters. The next door beyond was lettered "Office of the Building," and this second room had communication with the first by a door between. None of these three doors, however, had as much interest for McDowell as the one between his own office and the private office of Ingles. This door was closed, but it was McDowell's dream and ambition to see it open. In his thoughts he constantly saw it standing ajar in an intimate and friendly fashion, while he and Ingles and other magnates of Ingles's ilk circulated through it freely and all did business together.

Up to the present time this door had never been opened, nor had McDowell ever had access to the other suite except by the farther door, through which tenants passed to request repairs or to pay their monthly rent.

Ingles was enough of a lawyer to be a real-estate man, and enough of a real-estate man to need to be a lawyer. He supervised the drawing of his own deeds and leases, and seldom took counsel in matters between landlord and tenant. As a landlord he had found it advantageous to divest himself of his soul by making the Clifton into a stock company; he himself held all the shares but five. He had an extraordinary faculty for keeping himself out of the papers; but this did not prevent McDowell from knowing that he was constantly engaged in enterprises of the first magnitude, and he felt that association with this great capitalist would be immensely to his own advantage.

But he had accomplished only one step that might be reckoned an advance: he had undertaken the financial arrangements connected with St. Asaph's choir. This was a large, well-trained body, and was provided with all the expensive paraphernalia of a "high" service. It included four or five tenors and basses who commanded rather good salaries, as well as an expert organist and an experienced choirmaster who commanded larger ones. The management had been by committee, and several of the pillars of the church, Ingles among them, had learned the difficulty of

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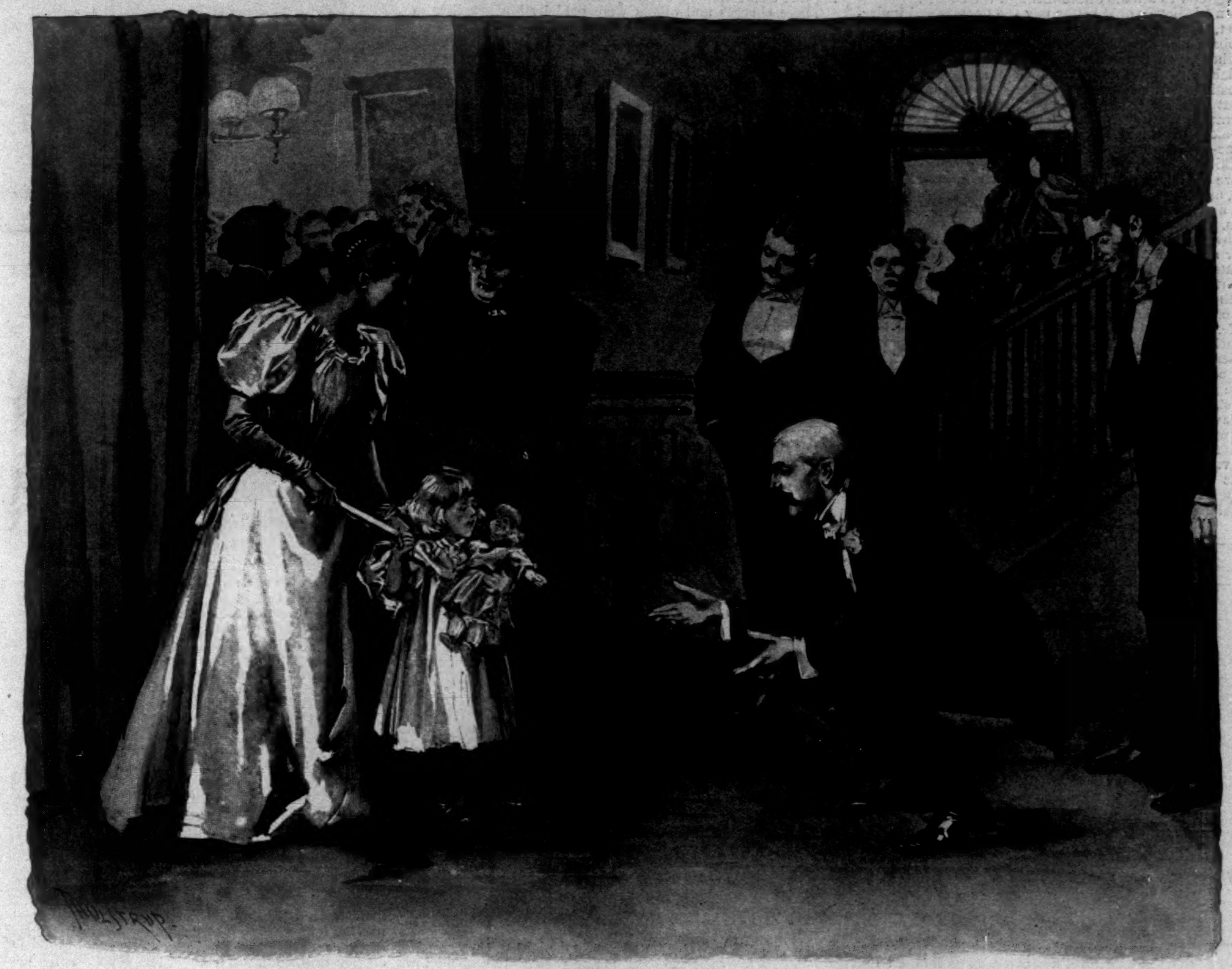
* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY, No. 1902.



"ISN'T IT PRETTY LATE FOR DOLLY?"

mediating between music, money, and ritualism. A member of a previous committee had delighted in translating and adapting Latin hymns for Christmas and Easter, and in putting his hands into his pockets now and then to make good a small deficit in the budget. Ingles and his compeers were ready enough to put their hands into their pockets, but they were glad, one and all, to escape the details of administration.

It was here that McDowell stepped forward; he cynically acknowledged that religion must be made to play into the hands of business, and he justified himself to himself by many good arguments. The details of the new dispensation were arranged in a downtown office. McDowell had tried to contrive that that office should be Ingles's own; but the meeting was held, after all, in another tall tower a block or two down the street, and Ingles himself was not present more than ten minutes. McDowell regretted this. He felt very well disposed towards Ingles. He would have done almost anything for him—for a commission.

But McDowell did not push this choir matter to the neglect of his own proper business. He was engaged at about this time with a new subdivision out beyond the South Parks. He had bought up a ten-acre tract, which he himself acknowledged to be rather low-lying, and which his rivals, with an unusual disregard of the courtesies of the profession, did not hesitate to call an out-and-out swamp. He had mended matters somewhat by means of a dam and sluice, which drained off a part of his moisture on to grounds lying lower still—other men's grounds; and on the driest and most accessible corner of his domain he had placed a portable one-story frame shanty which had already done duty on other subdivisions, and alongside of it stood a tall flag-pole which flaunted a banner with his own name and number on it. This tract, by-the-way, had absorbed some moderate portion of Ann Wilde's hoarded savings.

A week of rainy weather now and then would lay a complete embargo on McDowell's operations in this quarter. His plank walks would float off in sections; the trees along his avenues would sag deeply into the slush and would sway sidewise, in spite of their net-works of rusty wire; and the cellars of three or four unfinished houses that he had artfully scattered through this promising tract would show odds and ends of carpenters' refuse floating around in muddy water a foot deep. It was an appalling spectacle to one who realized the narrow margins upon which many of these operations were conducted, or who failed to keep in mind the depths that human folly and credulity may sound.

"Oh, it's all right enough," McDowell would say. "It's going to dry up before long."

Occasionally it did dry up, and stay so for several weeks. Then, on bright Sunday afternoons, folly and credulity, in the shape of young married couples who knew nothing about real estate, but who vaguely understood that it was a "good investment," would come out and would go over the ground—or try to. They were welcomed with a cynical effrontery by the young fellow whom McDowell paid fifty dollars a month to hold the office there. He had an insinuating manner, and frequently sold a lot with the open effect of perpetrating a good joke.

McDowell sometimes joked about his customers, but never about his lands. He shed upon them the transfiguring light of the imagination, which is so useful and necessary in the environs of Chicago. Land generally—that is, subdivided and recorded land—he regarded as a serious thing, if not indeed as a high and holy thing, and his view of his own landed possessions—mortgaged though they might be, and so partly unpaid for—was not only serious but idealistic. He was able to ignore the pools whose rising and falling befouled the supports of his sidewalks with a green slime, and the tufts of reeds and rushes which appeared here and there spread themselves out before his gaze in the similitude of a turfy lawn. He was a poet—as every real-estate man should be.

We of Chicago are sometimes made to bear the reproach that the conditions of our local life draw us towards the sordid and the materialistic. Now, the most vital and typical of our human products is the real-estate agent: is he commonly found tied down by earth-bound prose?

"You fellows," said Floyd to McDowell, during one of sister Ann's sessions, "are the greatest lot I ever struck." He spoke in a half-quizzical, half-admiring way, and showed some effort to handle the language with the Western ease and freedom of those to the manner born. "Do you know, when I had been here three or four months some fellows took me with them to the banquet of the Real Estate Board. Well, it was an eye-opener; I never saw anything like it. It was Chicago—all Chicago. Heavens! how the town was hymned and celebrated! It was personified—"

"That's right," said McDowell.

"—and glorified—"

"Of course."

"—and deified—"

"Why not?"

"Why not indeed?" cried Ann Wilde. "*I* haven't been around much yet, but you strike me as the most imaginative lot of people I ever saw."

"Whenever Chicago is involved," amended Walworth.

"Sure."

"How you idealize it!" cried Ann, enthusiastically. "How you—"

"It needs to be idealized—and badly," said her sister.

But McDowell's interests in the southern suburbs as well as at St. Asaph's were soon set aside by another matter; domestic interests claimed his attention.

His father-in-law had now passed some two or three months in Chicago. He had entered the city without any conception of its magnitude, and he had remained in it without rising to any conception of its metropolitan complexities. He had made a change that was too great and too late. He made but an ineffectual attempt to connect and identify himself with the great rush of life going on all about him. He came down town almost every day to spend an hour or more in McDowell's office, where he took a certain satisfaction in following out the intricacies of the local topography by passing a thin, blue-veined hand over McDowell's maps and his canvas-bound books of plats. McDowell treated him with considerable patience and with as much respect as was due to a man who had no great experience in real estate and little aptitude for learning. One day old Mr. Ogden, who apprehended the lake winds little better than the local "lay of the land," took a slight cold in returning home from the office; two days after pneumonia developed, and within a week he died.

George undertook the charge of such arrangements as recognized the old New-Englander as a dead man merely, and McDowell subsequently took charge of those which recognized him as a dead property-owner. First, the funeral; afterwards, the Probate Court.

A funeral is more disagreeable than a wedding, chiefly because its multifarious details make their demands with but a scanty notice in advance. All of these details George was now called upon to face and to dispose of.

He squared his jaw, set his eyes, put a cold, heavy paving-stone in place of his heart, and met these details one by one. It was a man's privilege.

Brower went with him to the undertaker's, and meditated between grief and rapacity.

"Be careful here," Brower said to him, in an undertone. They were in a room where sample caskets stood on end against opposite walls and were let down one by one for the inspection of purchasers.

"They always show the most expensive ones first. Don't look at these. You don't need to pay a hundred and fifty dollars. You can select a suitable one for eighty or ninety—perfectly good and no loss of respect."

"How about the outside box?" asked the man, in due course. He was in his shirt sleeves, and wore a high silk hat.

"Here," whispered Brower, "you'll have to take the most expensive. It's chestnut—fifteen dollars. Nothing else but plain pine for a dollar fifty. Shameful, isn't it?"

Brower arranged for the handles and the plates. He also met the family at the railway station next day, and saw the casket put on board the east-bound express.

He and George were walking slowly up and down the platform alongside the train, when a man in blue overalls leaned out of the door of the baggage-car and called to them. He held a paper in his hand.

"This ain't quite regular," he said. "Our road is pretty strict. The air-tight casket is all right for inter-State travel, but the doctor hasn't signed this certificate."

George turned on Brower with a look of anguish.

"Here!" cried Brower, stretching up his hand. "How forgetful of me! I'll sign it now. Go along, Ogden."

The man hesitated. "Not contagious?"

"Certainly not. Hand it down. Got a pencil? There! Here's a two. Take extra care."

The dead man's son paid for the music and flowers, his wife and daughter folded away his clothes, and his son-in-law undertook to see his estate through the courts.

"I don't believe you'd better pay the doctors and undertaker yet," he counselled. "Let them file their claims with the Probate people. It don't cost but a dollar, and if you pay without, you might be liable over again—you are on other claims. I'll keep a general eye on matters, of course, but questions will be coming up all the time. I don't know but what we'd better have a lawyer first as last. The Probate arrangements are different now from what they used to be—more expensive, for one thing. Now there's Freeze & Freeze—they're as good as any, and they're right there in the Clifton, George, only five floors above you."

"Have we got to go into this thing right away?" asked George, as if in physical pain.

"Oh no! Wait a few weeks—wait a month, if you like."

"Yes, we'll wait," he sighed.

McDowell made no opposition to his wife's suggestion that her mother now come and live with them. He had not anticipated his mother-in-law as a member of his own household; but he liked her well enough, and he generally treated her with a dry and sapless sort of kindness. Besides, he looked on domestic arrangements as a mere incident in business life, anyway. George, who for some time had been anticipating a home with his parents, could not find an equivalent in a home with the McDowells, and he remained with Brower on Rush Street.

There was no will; the recasting and consolidation of the small estate had required too much time and attention to leave much for any thought of its redistribution. Mrs. Ogden went into court at the proper time and qualified as administratrix. She was a figure-head, of course. She signed various documents at George's instance; George himself was guided by McDowell, principally; and McDowell got a point now and then from the attorneys. However, the legal labors of Freeze & Freeze on the Ogden estate were chiefly clerical; this did not prevent them from charging like chancellors and chief justices.

These charges and others were paid by McDowell, who began informally by giving checks on his own private account. He came to receive, too, most of the rents and other payments, which were more conveniently made to him in his own office than to George in the office of the bank. And since he paid the estate charges out of his own private account, it seemed natural enough that his own account (which was with the Underground) should receive the sums coming in. This arrangement came about gradually, without receiving any formal acquiescence; but George appeared satisfied with the business capacity of his sister's husband; while his mother was an inmate of her son-in-law's house, where inquiry and explanation were easily enough made.

These details, once in hand, appeared to give little hinderance to the course of McDowell's regular business. His acquaintances in his own line noticed its increasing spread, and agreed among themselves that he was flying a little high for a man of his limited resources. He had more work for the surveyors and sign-painters, and he presently added a clerk or so to his office force.

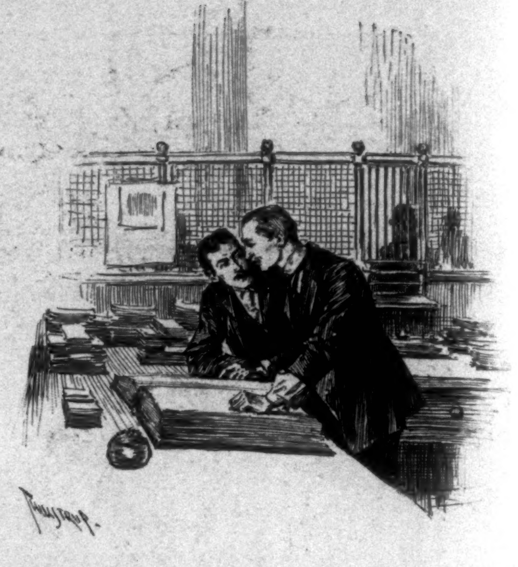
Various small claims were filed in the Probate Court and were allowed. "I think," said George to McDowell, "that we'll use Kastner's rent for them. To-day is the third; he has been in, I suppose?"

"He'll have to be punched up," replied McDowell. "It don't do to give them any leeway."

"He has always been prompt on the first," said George, somewhat annoyed.

The next morning he entered the paying-teller's pen for a moment, as occasionally happened. His eye chanced to alight on the balance sheet that ran from L to Z:

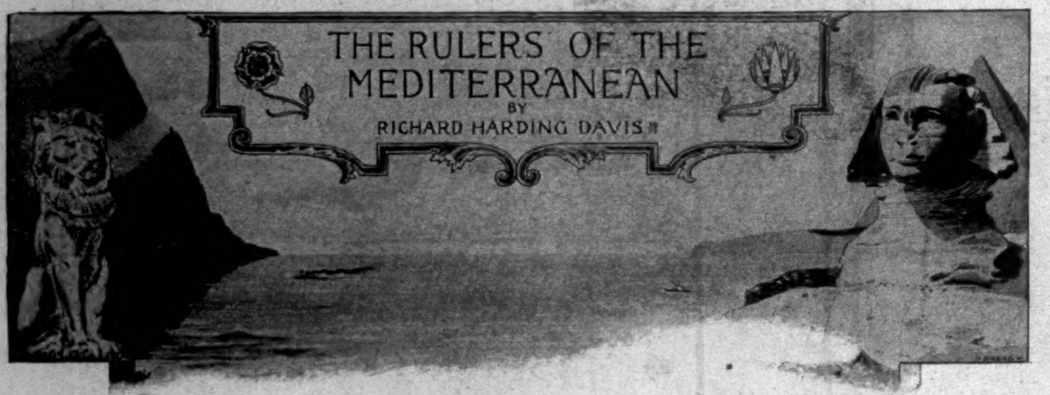
McAvoy, Louis M.	81 93
McCloud, Peters, & Co.	1187 25
McDowell, E. H.	0



"How's this, Jo?" asked Ogden. "What's the matter with McDowell?"

"Pulled out yesterday," responded the payer, briefly.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



THE RULERS OF THE MEDITERRANEAN

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

III.—FROM GIBRALTAR TO CAIRO.

THERE are certain places and things with which the English novel has made us so familiar that it is not necessary for us to go far afield or to study guide-books in order to feel that we have known them intimately and always. We know Paddington Station as the place where the detective interrogates the porter who handled the luggage of the escaping criminal, and as the spot from which the governess takes her ticket for the country house where she is to be persecuted by its mistress and loved by all the masculine members of the household. We also know that a P. and O. steamer is a means of conveyance almost as generally used by heroes and heroines of English fiction as a hansom cab. It is a vessel upon which the heroine meets her Fate, either in the person of a young man on his way home from India, or by being shipwrecked on a desert island on her way to Australia, and where the only other surviving passenger tattooes his will upon her back and considerately dies. Long ago a line of steamers ran to the Peninsula of Spain; later they shortened their sails, as the Romans shortened their swords, and, like the Romans, extended their boundaries to the Orient. The line is now an institution with traditions and precedents and armorial bearings and time-hallowed jokes, and when you step upon the deck of a P. and O. steamer for the first time you feel that you are not merely an ordinary passenger, but a part of a novel in three volumes, or of a picture in the London *Graphic*, and that all sorts of things are imminent and possible. It may not have occurred to you before embarking, but you know as soon as you come over the side, that you expected to find the deck strewn with laces and fans and daggers from Tangier, and photographs of Gibraltar, and such other trifles for possible purchase by the outbound passengers, and that the crew would be little barefooted lascars in red turbans and long blue shirts, with a cumberband about their persons, and that you would be called to tiffin instead of to lunch.

A fat little lascar balanced himself in the jolly-boat outlined against the sky and held aloft a red flag until the hawser swung clear of the propeller, when he raised a white flag above him and stood as motionless as the Statue of Liberty, while the *Sutley* cleared Europa Point of Gibraltar and headed towards the East. Then he pattered across the deck and leaned over the side and crooned in a lazy barbarous monotone to the waves. The sun fell upon the boat like a spell and turned us into sleepy and indolent fixtures wherever it first found us, and showed us the white-capped peaks of the Sierra Nevada of Spain to the north, and the dim blue mountains of Africa to the south. The deck below was scrubbed as white as a bread-board, and the masts and rigging threw black shadows on the awning overhead, and on every side the blue Mediterranean and the bluer Mediterranean sky met and sparkled and reflected each other's brilliancy like mirrors placed face to face.

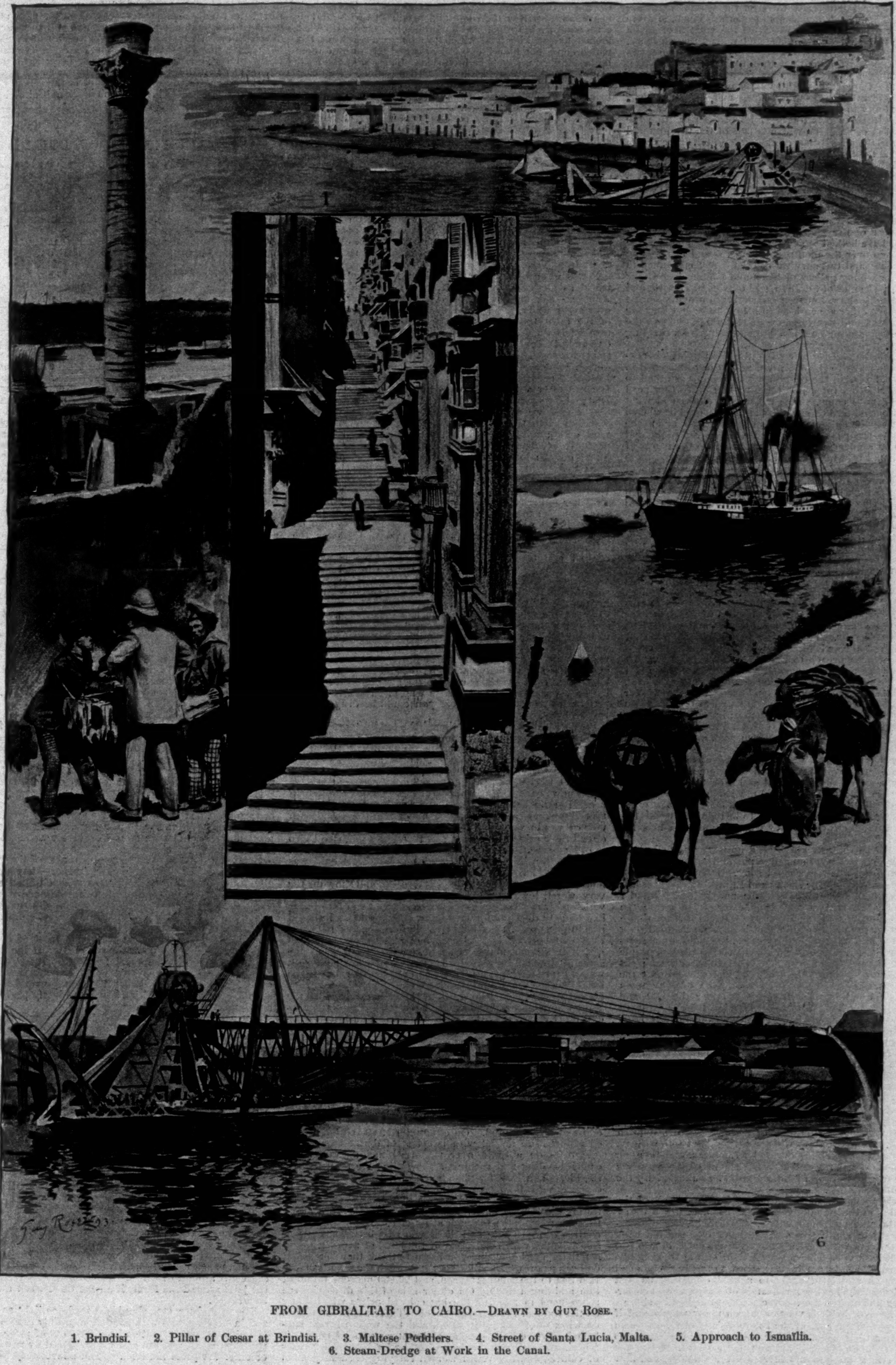
For four days the sun greeted the *Sutley* by day and the moon by night, and the coast of Africa played hide-and-seek along her starboard side, disappearing in a white mist of cloud for an hour or so, and then running along with us again in comfortable proximity. On the other side boats passed at almost as frequent intervals, and at such friendly range that one could count the people on the decks and read their flag signals without a glass. The loneliness of the North Atlantic, where an iceberg stands for land, and only an occasional tramp steamer rests the eye, is as different to this sea as a railroad journey over the prairie is to the jaunt from New York to Washington. On the second night out we see Algiers, glowing and sparkling in the night like a million of fire-flies, and with the clear steady eye of the light-house warning us away, as though the quarantine had not warned some of us away already. And on the third night we pass Cape Bon, and can imagine Tunis lying tantalizingly near us, behind its light-house, shut off also by the quarantine that the cholera at Marseilles has made imperative wherever the French line of steamers touch. By this time the twoscore passengers have foregathered as they would never have done had they all been Americans, or had there been 300 of them, and their place of meeting the deck of a transatlantic steamer instead of one of this picturesque fleet, upon which you expect strange things to happen.

When an American goes to sea, he reads books, or he calculates the number of tons of coal it is taking to run the vessel at that rate of speed; and he determines that rate of speed by counting the rise and fall of the piston-rod, with his watch in his hand; and when this ceases to amuse him he plays cards in the smoking-room or holds pools on the run and on the pilot's number. The Englishman joins in these latter amusements, because nothing better offers. But when his foot is on his native heath or on the deck of one of his own vessels, he demonstrates his preference for that sort of entertainment which requires exercise and little thought. If it is at a country house, he plays games which entail considerable running about, and at picnics he enjoys "throw the handkerchief," and on board ship he plays cricket and other games dear to the heart of the American at the age of five. This is partly because he always exercises and likes moving about, as Americans do not, and because the reading of books (except such books as *Mr. Potter of Texas*, which, I firmly believe, every Englishman I ever met has read, and upon which they have bestowed the most unqualified approval as the truest picture of American life and character they have ever found) entertains him for but a very short period at a time.

So a netting is placed about the upper deck for him, and he plays cricket, not only he, but his wife and his sister and his mother and the unattached young ladies under the captain's care, who are going out to India, presumably to be met at the wharf by prospective husbands. There is something most charming in the absolute equality which this sport entails, and the seriousness with which the English regard it. We could not in America expect a white-haired lady with spectacles to bowl overhand, or to see that it is considered quite as a matter of course that she should do it by the member of the last Oxford eleven, nor would our young women be able to hold a hot ball, or to take it with the hands crossed and only partly open, and not palm to palm and wide apart. An American, as a rule, walks in order that he may reach a certain point, but the Englishman walks for the sake of the walking. And he plays games, also, apparently for the exercise there is in them; games in which people sit in a circle and discuss whether love or reason should guide them in going into matrimony do not appeal to him so strongly as do "oranges and lemons," or "where are you, Jacob?" which is a very fine game, in which an early training in sliding to bases gives you a certain advantage. It is certainly instructive to hear a captain who got his company through storming Fort Nilt last year in the Pamir inquire, anxiously: "Oranges or lemons? Yes, I know. But *which* should I say, old chap? I'm a little rusty in the game, you know." If people can get back to the days when they were children by playing games, or in any other way, no one can blame them. The island of Gozo rose up out of the sea on the fourth day—a yellow rib of rock on the right, with houses and temples on it—and demonstrated how few days of water are necessary to rob one's memory of the usual look of a house. One would imagine by the general interest in them that we had spent the last few years of our lives in tents, or in the arctic regions under huts of snow and ice. And then the ship heads in towards Malta, and instead of dropping anchor and waiting for a tender, glides calmly into what is apparently its chief thoroughfare. It is like a Venice of the sea, and you feel as though you were intruding in a gentleman's front yard. The houses and battlements and ramparts lie close on either side, so near that one could toss a biscuit into the hands of the Tommies smoking on the guns, or the natives lounging on the steps that run from the front doors into the sea itself. The yard-arms reach above the line of the house-tops, and the bowsprit seems to threaten havoc with the window-panes of the custom-house. We are not apparently entering a harbor, but steaming down the main street of a city—a city of yellow limestone, with streets, walls, houses, and waste places all of yellow limestone. We might, for all the disturbance we are making, be moving forward in a bark canoe, and not in an ocean steamer drawing twenty-five feet of water. And then when the anchor drops, dozens of little boats, yellow and green and blue, with high posts at the bow and sterns like those on gondolas, shoot out from the steps, and their owners clamor for the proud privilege of carrying us over the few feet of water which runs between the line of houses and the ship's sides.

There was at the Centennial Exposition the head of a woman cut in butter, which attracted much attention from the rural visitors. For this they passed by the women painted on canvas or carved in marble; they were too like the real thing, and they probably knew how difficult it is to make butter into moulds. For some reason Malta reminds you of this butter lady. It is a real city—with real houses and cathedral and streets, no doubt, but you have a feeling that they are not genuine, and that though it is very cleverly done, it is, after all, a city carved out of cheese or butter. Some of the cheese is mouldy and covered with green, and some of the walls have holes in them, as has aerated bread or Roquefort cheese, and the streets and the pavements, and the carved façades of the churches and opera-house, and the earth and the hills beyond—everything upon which your eye can rest is glaring and yellow, with not a red roof to relieve it; it is all just yellow limestone, and it looks like Dutch cheese. It is like no other place exactly that you have ever seen. The approach into the canal-like harbor under the guns and the search-lights of the fortifications, the moats and drawbridges, and the glaring monotony of the place itself, which seems to have been cut out of one piece and painted with one brush, suggest those little toy fortresses of yellow wood which appear in the shop windows at Christmas-time. Of course the first and last thought one has of Malta is that the island was the home of the Order of the Knights of St. John, or Knights Hospitallers. This order, which was the most noble of those of the days of mediæval chivalry, was the band of warrior monks who waged war against the infidels, who kept certain vows, and who, under the banner of the white cross, became honored and feared throughout the then known world. Their headquarters changed from place to place during the four hundred years that stretched from the eleventh century, when the order was first established, up to 1530, when Charles V. made over Malta and all its dependencies in perpetual sovereignty to the keeping of these Knights. They had no sooner fortified the island than there began the nine months' siege of the Turks, one of the most memorable sieges in history. When it was ended, the Turks re-embarked 10,000 of the 40,000 men they had landed, and of the 9000 Knights present under the Grand Master Jean de la Valette when the siege had opened, but 600 capable of bearing arms remained alive.

The order continued in possession of their island until the beginning of the nineteenth century, when the French, under General Bonaparte, took it with but little trouble. The French in turn were besieged by Maltese and English, and after two years capitulated. In 1814 the island was transferred to England. It now, in its monuments and its memories, speaks of the days of chivalry, but present and mixed with these is the ubiquitous red coat of the British soldier; and the eight-pointed Maltese cross, which suggests Ivanhoe and Sir Galahad, is placed side by side with the lion and the unicorn; the culverin has given way to the quick-throbbing Maxim gun, the Templar's sword to the Lee-Metford rifle, and the heroes of Walter Scott to the



FROM GIBRALTAR TO CAIRO.—DRAWN BY GUY ROSE.

1. Brindisi. 2. Pillar of Cæsar at Brindisi. 3. Maltese Peddlers. 4. Street of Santa Lucia, Malta. 5. Approach to Ismaïlia.
6. Steam-Dredge at Work in the Canal.

friends of Mr. Rudyard Kipling. The most conspicuous relic of the French occupation is not a noble one. It is the penitential hood of the Maltese women—a strangely picturesque article of apparel, like a cowl or Shaker bonnet, only much larger than the latter, and with a cape which hangs over the shoulders. The women hold the two projecting flaps of the hood together at the throat, and unless you are advancing directly towards them, their faces are quite invisible. The hoods and capes are black, and are worn as a penance for the frailty of the women of Malta when the French took the place and robbed the churches, and pillaged the storehouses of the Knights, and bore themselves with less restraint than the infidel Turks had done. Malta retains a slight suggestion of mediævalism in the garb of the Capuchin monks, whose tonsured heads and bare feet and roped waists look like a masquerade in their close proximity to the young officers in tweeds and varnished boots. But one gets the best idea of the past from the great Church of St. John, which is full of the trophies and gifts of the Grand Masters of the Order, and floored with 2000 marble tombs of the Knights themselves. Each Grand Master vied with those who had preceded him in enriching this church, and each Knight on his promotion made it a gift, so that to-day it is rich in these and wonderfully beautiful. This is the chief show-place, and the Governor's palace is another, and, to descend from the sublimity of the past to the absurdity of the present, so is also the guard-room of the officer of the guard, which generations of English subalterns have helped to decorate. Each year a committee of officers go over the pictures on its walls and rub out the least amusing, and this survival of the fittest has resulted in a most entertaining gallery of black and white. The Order of the Jerusalem, or of St. John, still obtains in Europe, and those who can show fourteen quarterings on one side and twelve on the other are entitled to belong to it; but they are carpet knights, and wearing an enamel Maltese cross on the left side of an evening coat is a different thing from carrying it on a shield for Saracens to hack at.

Sicily shows itself for a few hours while the boat is continuing on its way to Brindisi; and as that day happened to be the 4th of March, the captain of the *Sutley* was asked to make a calculation for which there will be no further need for four years to come. This calculation showed at what point in the Mediterranean ocean the *Sutley* would be when a President was being inaugurated in Washington, and at the proper time the passengers were invited to the cabin, and the fact that a government was changing into the hands of one who could best take care of it was impressed upon them in different ways. And later, after dinner, the captain of the *Sutley* made a speech, and said things about the important event (which he insisted on calling an election) which was then taking place in America, and the English cheered and drank the new President's health, and the two Americans on board, who fortunately were both good Democrats, felt not so far from home as before.

You must touch at Brindisi, which is situated on the heel of the boot of Italy, if you wish to go a part of the way by land from the East to London or from London to the East. And as many people prefer travelling forty-eight hours across the Continent to rounding Gibraltar, one hears often of Brindisi, and pictures it as a shipping port of the importance of Liverpool or Marseilles. Instead of which it is as desolate as a summer resort in midwinter, and is like that throughout the year. There was a long broad stone wharf, and tall stucco houses behind, and banks of coal which suggested the rear approach to Long Island City, and the soft blue Italian skies of which we had read were steely blue, and most of us wore overcoats. We lay bound fast to the wharf, with a plank thrown from the boat's side to the quay, for the day, and we had free permission to learn to walk on streets again for full twenty-four hours; but after facing the wind, and dodging guides who had nothing to show, we came back by preference to the clean deck and the steamer chair. Desperate-looking Italian soldiers with feathers in their hats, and custom-house officers, and gendarmes paraded up and down the quay for our delectation, and a wicked little boy stood on the pier-head and sang "Ta-rara-boom-chi-ay," pointedly varying this knowledge of our several nationalities by crying: "I *say*, buy bôx matches. Get out." This show of learning caused him to be regarded by his fellows with much envy, and they watched us to see how far we were impressed.

There are two things which need no newspaper advertising and which recognize no geographical lines; one is a pretty face and the other is a good song. I have seen photographs for sale of Isabelle Irving and Lillian Russell in as different localities as Santiago in Cuba, and Rotterdam, and I saw a play-bill in San Antonio, Texas, upon which the Countess Dudley and the Duchess of Leinster were reproduced under the names of the Walsh Sisters. A good song will travel as far, changing its name, too, perhaps, and its words, but keeping the same melody that has pleased people in a different part of the world. When the moon came out at Brindisi and hid the heaps of coal, and showed only the white houses and the pillar of Cæsar, a party of young men with guitars and mandolins gathered under the bow and sang a song called "Oh, Caroline," which I had last heard Francis Wilson sing as a part of the score of *The Lion-tamer*, to very different words. As the scene of *The Lion-tamer* is laid in Sicily, the song was more or less in place; but the contrast between the dark-browed Italian and Mr. Wilson's genial countenance which the song brought back was striking. And on the night after we had left Brindisi, when the crew gave a concert, one of them sang "Oh, promise me," and some one asked if the song had yet reached America. I did not undeceive him, but said it had.

After Brindisi the hands of the clock go back a few thousand years, and we see Cethdonia, where Ulysses owned much property, and Crete, from whence St. Paul set sail, with its long range of mountains covered with snow, and then we come back to the present near the island of Zante, where the earthquake moved a month ago and swallowed up the homes of the people.

The *Sutley* had been going out of her course all of the fourth day in order to dodge possible islands thrown up by the earthquake, and she was late. That night, as she steamed forward at her best speed, the level oily sea fell back from her bows with a steady ripple as she cut it in two and turned it back out of the way. A light on the horizon, like a policeman's lantern, which changed to the burnt-out end of a match and back again to a bull's-eye, told us that beyond the light lay the level sands of Egypt, almost as far-reaching and monotonous as the sea that touched its shore.

The force of habit is very strong on many people, and if they approach the land of the Pharaohs and of Cleopatra an hour after their usual bedtime, they feel no inclination to diverge from their usual habits on that account. When you consider how many hours there are for slumber, and how many are given to dances, you would think one hour of sleep might be spared out of a lifetime in order that you could see Port Said at night. There was a long line of lamps on the shore, like a gigantic row of foot-lights or a prairie fire along the horizon, and we passed towards this through buoys with red and green lights, with a long sea-wall reaching out on one side, and the natural reef of jagged rocks rising black out of the sea in the path of the moon on the other. Then black boats shot out from the shore and assailed us with strange cries, and men in turbans and long robes, and negroes in what looked like sacking, and which probably was sacking, but which could not hide the suppleness and strength of their limbs, climbed up over the high sides. These were the coal-trimmers making way for the black islands, filled with black coal and blacker men, who made fast to the side and began feeding the vessel through a blazing hole like an open fireplace in her iron side. Four braziers filled with soft coal burnt with a fierce red flame from the corners of the barges, and in this light from out of the depths half-naked negroes ran shrieking and crying with baskets of coal on their shoulders to the top of an inclined plank, and stood there for a second in the full glare of the opening until one could see the whites of their eyes and the sweat glistening on the black faces. Then they pitched the coal forward into the lighted opening, as though they were feeding a fire, and disappeared with a jump downwards into the pit of blackness. The coal dust rose in great curtains of mist, through which the figures of the men and the red light showed dimly and with wavering outline, like shadows in an iron-mill, and through it all came their cries and shouts, and the roar of the coal blocks as they rattled down into the hold.

Port Said occupies the same position to the waters of the world as Dodge City once did to the Western States of America—it is the meeting-place of vessels from every land over every water, just as Dodge City was the meeting-place of the great trails across the prairies. When a cowboy reached Dodge City after six months of constant riding by day and of sleeping under the stars by night, and with wild steers for company, he wanted wickedness in its worst form—such being the perversity of man. And you are told that Port Said offers to travellers and crew the same attractive features after a month or weeks of rough voyaging that Dodge City once offered to the trailsmen. In *The Light that Failed* we are told that Port Said is the wickedest place on earth, that it is a sink of iniquity and a hole of vice, and a wild night in Port Said is described there with pitiless detail. Almost every young man who leaves home for the East is instructed by his friends to reproduce that night, or never return to civilization. And every sea-captain or traveller or ex-member of the Army of Occupation in Egypt that I have met on this visit to the East has either smiled darkly when he spoke of Port Said or raised his eyes in horror. They all agreed on two things—that it was the home of the most beautiful woman on earth, which is saying a good deal, and that it was the wickedest, wildest, and most vicious place that man had created and God forgotten. One would naturally buy pocket-knives at Sheffield, and ginger ale in Belfast, and would not lay in a stock of cigars if going to Havana; and so when guides in Continental cities and in the East have invited me to see and to buy strange things which caused me to doubt the morals of those who had gone before, I have always put them off, because I knew that some day I should visit Port Said. I did not want second-best and imitation wickedness, but the most awful wickedness of the entire world sounded as though it might prove most amusing. I expected a place blazing with lights, and with gambling-houses and *cafés chantants* open to the air, and sailors fighting with bare knives, and guides who cheated and robbed you, or led you to dives where you could be drugged and robbed by others.

So I went on shore and gathered the guides together, and told them for the time being to sink their rivalry and to join with loyal local pride in showing me the worst Port Said could do. They consulted for some time, and then said that they were sorry, but the only gambling-house in the place closed at twelve, and so did the only *café chantant*, and, as it was now nearly half past twelve, every one was properly in bed. I expressed myself fully, and they were hurt, and said that Egypt was a great country, and that after I had seen Cairo I would say so. So I told them I had not meant to offend their pride of country, and that I was going to Cairo in order to see things almost as old as wickedness, and much more worth while, and that all I asked of Port Said was that it should live up to its name. I told them to hire a house, and wake the people in Port Said up, and show me the very worst, lowest, wickedest, and most vicious sights of which their city boasted; that I would give them four hours in which to do it, and what money they needed. I should like to print what, after long consultation, the five guides of Port Said—which is a place a half-mile across, and with which they were naturally acquainted—offered me as the acme of riotous dissipation. I do not do so, not because it would bring the blush to the cheek of the reader, but to the inhabitants of Port Said, who have enjoyed a notoriety they do not deserve, and who are like those desperadoes in the West who would rather be considered "bad" than the non-entities that they are. I bought photographs, a box of cigarettes, and a cup of black coffee at Port Said. That cannot be considered a night of wild dissipation. Port Said may have been a sink of iniquity when Mr. Kipling was last there, but when I visited it, it was a coaling station. I would hate to be called a coaling station if I were Port Said, even by me.

When I awoke after my night of riot at Port Said the *Sutley* was steaming slowly down the Suez Canal, and its waters rippled against its sandy banks and sent up strange odors of fish and mud. On either side stretched long levels of yellow sand dotted with bunches of dark green grass, like tufts on a quilt, over which stalked an occasional camel, bending and rocking, and scorning the rival ship at its side. You have heard so much of the Suez Canal as an engineering feat that you rather expect, in your ignorance, to find the banks upheld by walls of masonry, and to pass through intricate locks from one level to another, or at least to see a well-beaten towpath at its side. But with the exception of dikes here and there, you pass between slipping sandy banks, which show less of the hand of man than does a mill-dam at home, and you begin to think that Ferdinand de Lesseps drew his walking-stick through the sand from the Red Sea to the Mediterranean, and 20,000 negroes followed him and dug a ditch. On either side of this ditch you see reproduced in real life the big colored prints which hung on the walls of the Sunday-school. There are the buffaloes drawing the ploughs of wood, and the wells of raw sun-baked clay, and the ditches and water-works of two cog-wheels and clay pots for irrigating the land, and the strings of camels, and the veiled women carrying earthen jars on the left shoulder. And beyond these stretches the yellow sand, not white and heavy, like our own, but dun-colored and fine, like dust, and over it amethyst skies bare of clouds, and tall palms. And then the boat stops again at Ismaïlia to let you off for Cairo, and the brave captains returning from leave, and the braver young women who are going out to work in hospitals, and the young wives with babies whom their fathers have not seen, and the commissioners returning to rule and bully a native prince, pass on to India, and you are assaulted by donkey-boys who want you to ride "Mark Twain," or "Lady Dunlo," or "Two-Pair-of-Black-Eyes-Oh-What-a-Surprise-Grand-Ole-Man." A jerky, rumbling train carries you from Ismaïlia past Tel-el-Kebir station, where the British army surprised the enemy by a night march and took a train back to Cairo in three hours. And then, after a five hours' ride, you stop at Cairo, and this chapter ends.

SAFETY IN FIRE-PROOF BUILDINGS.

Scores of so-called fire-proof buildings have been destroyed by fire, but it was claimed that they were storage-houses filled with combustible merchandise, and the occupants of our high apartment and hotel buildings are assured that even if their furniture and the wood-work used for casings, floors, etc., were set on fire, the flames would not spread or cause serious damage to the structure.

This confidence has been rudely shaken by the partial burning of a large "absolutely fire-proof" office building in this city, which proves that enough combustible material enters into the construction of almost all our "fire-proof" buildings to endanger the inmates in case of a serious fire. The law regarding fire-proof buildings in New York city reads as follows:

"They shall be constructed with walls of brick, stone, iron, or other hard incombustible materials, in which wooden beams or lintels shall not be placed, and in which the floors and roofs shall be of materials similar to the walls. The stair and staircase landings shall be built entirely of brick, stone, iron, or other incombustible materials. No wood-work or other inflammable materials shall be used in any of the partitions, floorings, or ceilings in any such fire-proof buildings."

So far the law is excellent and insures a perfectly fire-proof shell, which, if used for dwelling purposes and not for the storage of combustible goods, may be regarded as perfectly safe; but unfortunately the law continues, "excepting, however, that the doors and windows, the trims, the casings, the interior finish, when filled solid at the back with fire-proof material, and the floor boards and sleepers directly thereunder, may be made of wood."

It will readily be seen that thoughtless builders may, under cover of this excepting clause, convert every room into a lumber-yard, and this has been done to such an extent that many fine structures have virtually lost their fire-proof character.

If the occupant of an apartment in one of our first-class buildings will carefully examine the rooms he lives in, he will be startled at the quantity of inflammable material by which he is surrounded. The trim round the doors is much wider than and twice as thick as necessary, and is often surmounted by useless carved ornaments. The deep recess of the windows and the space under the sills are panelled with wood, heavy inside blinds are set in pockets lined with wood, and a casing is set round the window recess. With walls of the usual thickness in the lower floors of a so-called fire-proof building, at least 70 square feet of wood are used to trim, panel, and finish a window of ordinary size. All this wood is kilndried, filled with oil, and varnished. If once set on fire—and most fires start from a curtain—the blaze is so vigorous and the heat so intense that not only is every combustible thing in the room set on fire, but the glass cracks, the flame strikes the windows above, and another apartment is endangered.

The flooring of an ordinary room, say 12 by 18 feet in size, means 216 square feet of pine stuff set on wooden sleepers; this quantity is often nearly doubled by the use of an upper floor, and the danger is increased by having the floors oiled or varnished. If any one will take three or four feet of pine flooring and set it on fire, he can form an idea of the conflagration that would take place should the wood-work used in his apartment ever get fairly on fire.

But some builders, in utter forgetfulness of the fire-proof intent of buildings, have gone still further—they have actually wainscoted walls and ceilings with oil-filled and varnished wood! If the burning of the simple wood-work in the Temple Court office-building proved so destructive, what would be the fate of a heavily trimmed, double-floored, panelled, and wainscoted hotel in case of fire?

Another source of serious danger in most of our apartment and hotel buildings is the use of part of the basement for the storage of trunks and furniture. It is well known that no structure yet erected will resist fire if filled with combustible material. What the result would be if fire should ever get a full headway in a closely packed trunk and lumber room is a matter for thought.

The real danger in our best buildings comes from over-confidence in their fire-proof quality. A structure with iron beams and walls, partitions and floor arches of brick or fire-proof blocks, seems so incombustible that we lose sight of the fact that the burning of even a comparatively small amount of material inside the rooms may create so intense a heat as to turn the building into a vast crematory. How little fire will suffice to endanger iron beams is often shown. The burning of a lot of flimsy scenery on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera-house brought down the supposed fire-proof roof of that magnificent structure; and car rails in the open street have been seen to curl from the mere reflected heat of burning houses.

All that is required to secure safety from fire in our best buildings is so to reduce the amount of combustible stuff used or stored in each room as to render a fire, if it should occur, easy to control. Tile or concrete floors, such as are used in Italy, and have lately been introduced in some buildings in this city, are not only absolutely safe as regards fire, but make the rooms less draughty, more equable in temperature, and free from dust and from moths, ants, and vermin of all sorts, which breed so freely under wooden floors. Wainscoting, panelling, and casing of all kinds should be avoided, especially around windows, where a small moulding to cover the joint around the frame is all the wood-work that should be allowed.

The trim, base, etc., should be made as light as possible, and in closets wood-work should be entirely dispensed with. Wood-work ornamentation is entirely out of place in a fire-proof building, and can easily be replaced by metal, stucco, or other fire-proof material. If all unnecessary wood-work is avoided, less than one-tenth of the combustible material generally used will suffice to finish apartments, and the rooms can be made quite as attractive and far purer and more healthful.

No room inside of a fire-proof building, especially in the basement, cellar, or lower floors, should ever be used for the storage of trunks, furniture, or other combustible material. A light iron structure outside the building, or, better still, on the roof, would answer the purpose of a storage-room admirably, and be entirely free from danger.

It will be urged, and justly so, that with the constant watchfulness exercised in all first-class buildings, and with the facilities provided to fight an incipient fire, the chances of a serious conflagration are exceedingly remote. So far no fire that we know of has ever got sufficient headway in a first-class fire-proof building used for dwelling purposes to do more than burn the furniture and wood-work of the rooms where it originated, and we have every reason to hope that it never will. But people living on a twelfth or fourteenth floor do not like to contemplate the possibility of danger, and some changes should be made in our otherwise excellent law limiting the amount of combustible material used in fire-proof buildings.

I cannot end this paper without touching on a subject most repugnant, but which should certainly be brought to public attention. I refer to sham fire-proof buildings—buildings that not only do not comply with the law for the erection of fire-proof structures, but which have no fire-proof qualities whatever, except, possibly, a veneer to deceive the eye, and yet are covered with signs advertising them as absolutely fire-proof.

I sat, some days ago, in a theatre—a fire-trap, in a block of old buildings, with wooden floors and lath and plaster partitions, and on the programme this place was advertised as "absolutely fire-proof." When—and the thing must happen sooner or later—some unfortunate is lured into such a death-trap and roasted alive, what verdict short of "wilful murder" can be found against the landlord who allowed the insertion of the advertisement?

HORSEMANSHIP IN CENTRAL PARK.

BY JNO. GILMER SPEED.

There are to be seen in the bridle-paths and other roads of Central Park as many styles of riding as there are racial types in the metropolis, and besides these there are many more styles of a nondescript character which defy more definite classification than that known in the sporting world as "go as you please." Ten or fifteen years ago there were not nearly so many riders in the Park as now, nor was the horsemanship so good as at present. A critic competent to pass judgment in such matters, and without knowledge of what kind of riding was to be seen a decade and a decade and a half ago, would be likely to say, after spending an afternoon by one of the Central Park bridle-paths, that in his opinion horsemanship never could have been worse than it is now. But it was—it was infinitely worse. Fifteen years ago it was the rarest kind of a thing to see a rider of genuine accomplishments. Occasionally one would see a man who had obtained some notion of rough riding in the army during the war, and occasionally, also, there would be a man from the South who rode with the skill of much practice, but with no idea whatever of good form. Now, if a spectator will take his stand near any of the more frequently used bridle-paths, he will be apt to see in half an hour at least one young gentleman who rides excellently well, and in the course of an afternoon such a spectator is likely to see a score of young men and maidens who manage their horses with ease and skill, and sit their saddles with the graceful security which indicates long and intelligent practice, and that gift for the art without which supreme mastery is never quite obtained. But the great majority ride pretty badly, and to classify them one has to guess at what each is trying to accomplish.

There are to be seen in Central Park half a dozen definite styles among the good riders, and among the poor horsemen many riders who are evidently attempting these various styles. We see the English park seat, the English hunting seat, the American military seat, the military styles of both Germany and France, and every now and then a dashing fellow who has evidently learned to ride among the cowboys of the West. Each of these styles is admirable in its way, though probably it will be conceded by most persons that in the park the park seat and style are to be preferred. In this seat what we understand by form amounts to more than it does even in the military styles. Park-work is not expected to be so rough as hunting, and therefore the stirrups are let down a hole or two more than when the saddle is adjusted for the hunting-field; but it is not what would be called a long stirrup, to which only the tip of the toe will reach when the leg is straight. There are men who ride in Central Park with their stirrups so lengthened, but they are usually mounted on "racking" or single-foot horses, and the gait is as smooth as a housewife's rocking-chair. The park rider's stirrup is short enough for him to get a good grip with the bent knee and still have his foot in the stirrup on a level, that is, with the heel and toe at the same elevation. And then this skilful park rider keeps his feet parallel with his horse, his elbows well in, but not glued to his side, and he does not balance himself by tugging on the reins. Of such as these there are scores who frequently ride in Central Park. But they are nearly all quite young fellows—either lads whose chins are innocent of bristles, or young gentlemen who are well on the callow side of thirty. To be sure, one occasionally sees a man whose waist has lost its early slimness, and whose years are evidently on the thither side of forty, sit his horse with consummate skill even in the Park bridle-paths, but this is so rarely the case that when such men are met with they have to be noted as exceptions to the general rule. Ten and fifteen years from now this will probably not be the case, for very many of these graceful young fellows who now trot and canter so easily along the roads will have become real men without having parted with all the nimbleness of early youth.

Of the riders who really seem to be trying to ride in any particular style probably nine out of ten endeavor in ways more or less crude to acquire this park seat. I think I have discovered why so few of them attain any degree of success. In the first place, I think it most improbable that any man who takes to riding after he has reached manhood will, or indeed can, ever become a very accomplished rider. The knack has to be acquired at that period of life when bones and muscles are pliable, and can be adapted to whatever necessary requirement. A very great many of the Central Park riders never straddled a horse till after reaching manhood. From such, of course, we could not expect the very best and most accomplished riders to be made, but these gentlemen would without any doubt ride much better than they do were it not that they are incorrectly taught. A man, say of twenty-five or twenty-eight, finds himself well enough provided with funds to keep a saddle-horse. He is ignorant of horsemanship. He therefore very naturally goes to a riding-school for instruction, and very naturally, too, believes every word the riding-master tells him, while he does all he can to imitate the seat and bearing and manner of the master into whose hands he has fallen. This is very proper in the novice, and his course in so acting shows him to be a man of sense. But here is the difficulty—the master in nine cases out of ten does not himself know how to ride in anything like correct form. If a man begins to learn the art of riding at a time when the chances are greatly against his ever becoming really accomplished, how much are these chances reduced when his teacher is ignorant, and the model he copies hopelessly bad! That I believe to be the real reason that the generality of Park riders are so awkward in their seats, and so cruelly hard upon the unlucky hacks who do them service. Of all the men who trot or canter along the bridle-paths of Central Park without showing that they are in constant fear of tumbling off, the riding-masters of the various riding-schools are, in my opinion, the very poorest horsemen so far as good form is concerned. Notice the reproduction of the photograph of the young lady and little girl with a man riding between them. Now there is a typical riding-master, with the back of his legs against the saddle, his toes turned out, and his balance secured by a tight clutch on both curb and snaffle. That is certainly a most admirable seat to be imitated by pupils, and copied as nearly as may be by ignorant admirers!

Then there are others who have taken no lessons, but try to ride by the light of nature. If such a man have latent talent and he exercises some intelligence he is really likely to do much better than with the assistance of a riding-master who would put him in the wrong road. There may be riding-teachers in New York who are really masters of the art, and it may be due to the instruction of such that we see so many of the younger generation who know what they are about when in the saddle. But the majority of them, as they appear in the Park with their pupils, ride with no better form than a mill-boy would display in taking a cart-horse to drink from the pond. For poor form on horseback, next to the riding-teachers, the grooms seen in the Park must be awarded the medal. Some of these men may ride very well so far as sticking on is concerned, but they are, as a rule, hopelessly ungraceful, and appear to have no other idea than that of sticking on. The groom's idea of good horsemanship appears to be to clutch the horse with the back of the calf of the leg, rise in the stirrup, and preserve a balance by holding a tight rein. There is a picture of such a rider in this paper. A well-trained horse ridden half a dozen times by such a groom would be wellnigh spoiled, and the horse's education would have to be gone all over again. But the grooms are not the only riders who appear to think that the chief function of bridle reins is to assist the rider in retaining his seat on the horse. The riding-teachers appear to put the reins to the same improper use, and also about nine out of ten of all the men and women seen riding in the Park. I used to think, before I had made many studies in Central Park, that the Southern darky, with his careless and happy-go-lucky method of going "lickity-split" whenever he got astride of a horse, was about the poorest rider in the world. But I have amended this view, and I now believe that as a horseman he ranks above both the New York riding-teacher and the New York groom. I saw a typical negro boy cantering beside a Park policeman, and a comparison of his seat with those of the riding-master and groom convinced me that even the negro rides with more correct form, and therefore with more ease, than either of the others. And the Park policemen, by-the-way, are very much at home in the saddle, and they are also very severe critics of the riders who frequent the Park. I had a talk with one the other afternoon while the photographs were being taken to illustrate this article. He did not know the names of the men and women he saw so frequently, but he had a value, established by long observation, to put on the skill of each. There was one horseman whose riding he particularly admired. He described the horse, the man, and his dress with so much minuteness that there was no difficulty in recognizing the dashing figure of an eminent clergyman, who when he took holy orders felt no call whatever to give up those manly sports and exercises which contribute towards a healthy body and a wholesome mind. But the policeman expressed a regret that the reverend doctor could not find a more shapely horse to carry his weight than the ragged and rawboned beast that now does service. The mounted policemen are not the only critics among the Park officials. There was one old fellow in a blue uniform, which indicated, I believe, that he had something to do with the reservoir, and with him I had speech.

"Ah, it's a pity, it is," he said, "that Mr. and Mrs. Rickity-Rick don't come along and have their pictures took."

"Rickity-Rick? that is a queer name," I ventured to say.

"Well, that's not their real name; that's the name I give 'em, because they always ride rickity-rick," and while saying this the old man spread his legs apart and bounced up and down as though the imaginary saddle beneath him were of India-rubber, and he also of some other very elastic substance. "It is always the same with 'em," he added—"always rickity-rick."

Among the notable riders in Central Park and along the Riverside Drive is a man as conspicuous in his way as the clergyman alluded to and "Mr. and Mrs. Rickity-Rick." This is a tall slender man, a little past fifty years in age. He looks on horseback to be more than six feet tall. His horse is a shapely black, somewhat more than sixteen hands high, and with flowing tail. The rider sits very erect in the saddle, his legs perfectly straight, and his down-reaching toes just touching the stirrups. A perpendicular line drawn from the stirrup would pass up his leg, and through his thighs, body, and head. To one unaccustomed to such a seat it really seems marvellous that this gentleman should ride with so much ease and apparent security. But he really seems a part of his horse. Always when I have seen him he has been riding in a slow trot. He does not sit rigidly on the horse, and yet he does not rise to the gait. Of its kind it is perfect riding, and it is likely that this gentleman was an officer in one of the armies of continental Europe. In the Park and on dress parade this kind of riding is admirable, but how would it be in the hunting-field or in a cavalry charge? Lord Cardigan, he who led the famous charge of the six hundred at Balaklava, adopted such a seat and stirrup in the hunting-field in England, and met his death by ignominiously tumbling over a stone wall.

Then there is another distinct type not before mentioned. This group is made up of stout gentlemen from thirty-five to sixty-five, who have been advised to ride so as to counteract a tendency to corpulence. They bump along with much patience and suffering—suffering that their horses must share to a very large degree. Of these there is one man I have seen on the streets in New York any time these fifteen years past. He is a distinguished lawyer, and was a soldier of note during the war. When he walks on the street he is a well-set-up fine figure of a man, but slightly disposed to over-stoutness. I have no means of knowing whether he enjoyed his seat in his saddle at the head of his regiment in the days of the war, but I am very certain that now he does not like his canter in the Park even a little bit. He rolls in the saddle, with lots of daylight always between him and his horse; on his handsome clean-cut face there is a look of intense suffering. When he pulls his horse up from a canter, and during those two or three seconds of trotting before the horse comes to a walk, the gallant lawyer seems about to emulate the example of Antæus, and get renewed strength by embracing Mother Earth. My friend the mounted policeman said that these men rode like bags of meal. In this I think he is entirely wrong, for bags of meal not more securely fastened on a horse than these riders would surely either fall off or burst.

In one of the pictures will be seen that of a gentleman who has evidently not been instructed by riding-masters, but has acquired his skill by practice and the exercise of intelligence. He is to be seen almost every day, and he evidently enjoys his ride thoroughly. His form in the saddle is not as finished as that of some of the younger men, and probably he would not acquit himself as well in the hunting-field, but he is a notable instance of the self-instructed rider who has learned how to ride with ease to himself and his horse. Of the ladies I do not feel competent to speak. Some of them evidently ride with ease and comfort, but the majority appear to keep their seats merely by hanging on to the pommels and to the reins. Ten years from now the visitor will probably find in Central Park as good horsemanship as that which is now the rule along Rotten Row in Hyde Park. Even now the average is better than that seen in the Champs Élysées and the Bois de Boulogne.

THE POETS.

There's never a robin that pipes of spring,
Nor a stream that runs and leaps,
Nor a bee that dreams on drowsy wing
O'er a perfum'd petal's deeps,
But has its rhymes and runes;
Its rhymes and runes,
Its subtle tunes,
Whose rhythm in silence sleeps.

There's never a star that spins in space,
Nor a leaf that falls to earth,
Nor a billow that wrinkles the ocean's face,
Nor a rain-drop brought to birth,
But has its rhymes and runes;
Its rhymes and runes,
Its mystic tunes,
Of sweet, unfathom'd worth.

There's many a soul that throbs in time
With the robin, the leaf, or star,
That may not voice the silent rhyme;
But some can hear afar:
And they, yes, they have rhymes and runes,
And they can sing the mystic tunes,
For they the poets are. W. J. Henderson.

SWORD-FISHING OFF NANTUCKET.

BY BARNET PHILLIPS.

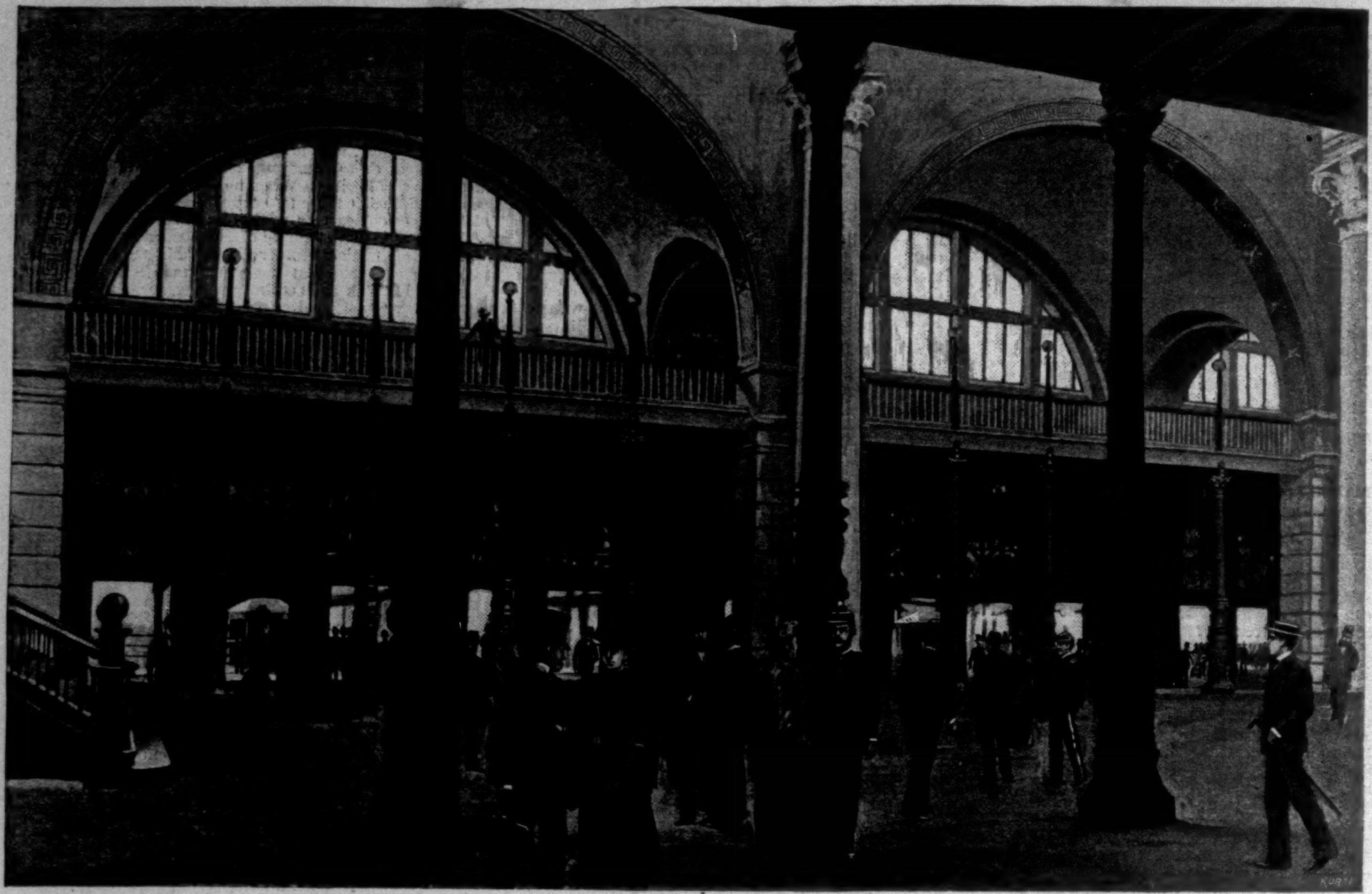
It would not do to call a sword-fish a mackerel glorified, but look at his body, minus his sword, and the resemblance to the Scomber family is marked. In all the seas the weapon he carries, that prolonged snout, gives him his name. The sword-fish is in Italian "pesce-spada," in Dutch "zwaardvisch," and the Spaniard calls him "espada." French fishermen know him as "espadon."

The sword-fish carries a weapon, and knows how to use it. Whether he is pugnacious or not cannot be determined, but there are sword-fish fishermen who insist that he is eager to attack. There is nothing like a litigation to prove a fact in natural history, and so in 1864, when the good ship *Dreadnaught* arrived in London, having been struck by a sword-fish, the court held that the vessel and cargo had been damaged to an amount represented by $3000, and the insurance companies paid that much because *Xiphias gladius* had made a hole through copper sheathing and oak planking.

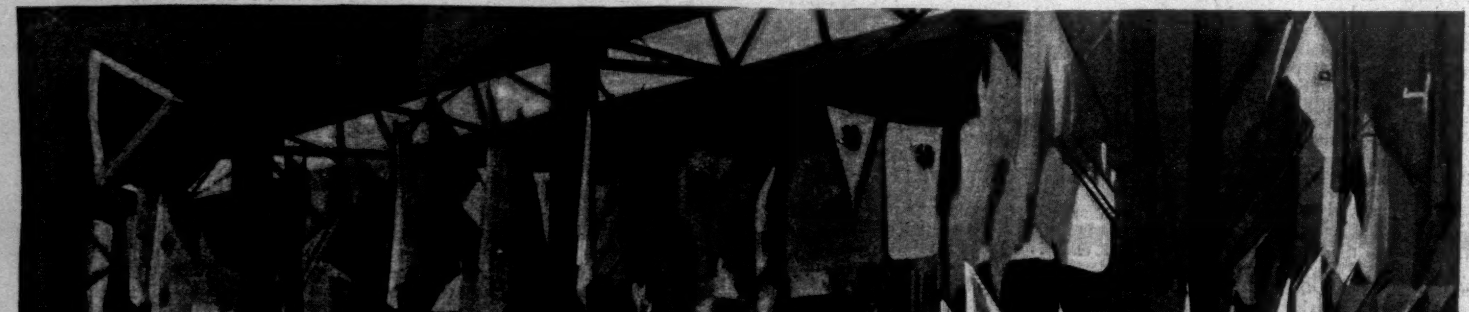
The range of the sword-fish is a wide one, from Jamaica to Cape Breton. On the European coast it is found from the Baltic to the Mediterranean. Just at this present date sword-fish frequent our coast from Montauk Point to the Georges Bank. The first appearance seems to be about the 25th of May.

The presence of the sword-fish means that he is in the waters in quest of food. What he wants is a fair share of the menhaden and mackerel. Like the bonito, the sword-fish is a predaceous fish. When he flies through the seas he has a way of exposing his high dorsal fin and the upper lobe of his tail, and when eager in pursuit will show a great deal of his body, exactly as Mr. Burns has drawn it. The speed of the fish is wonderful, and Professor Owen described the blow it would give with its sword as the equal of a swivel-shot.

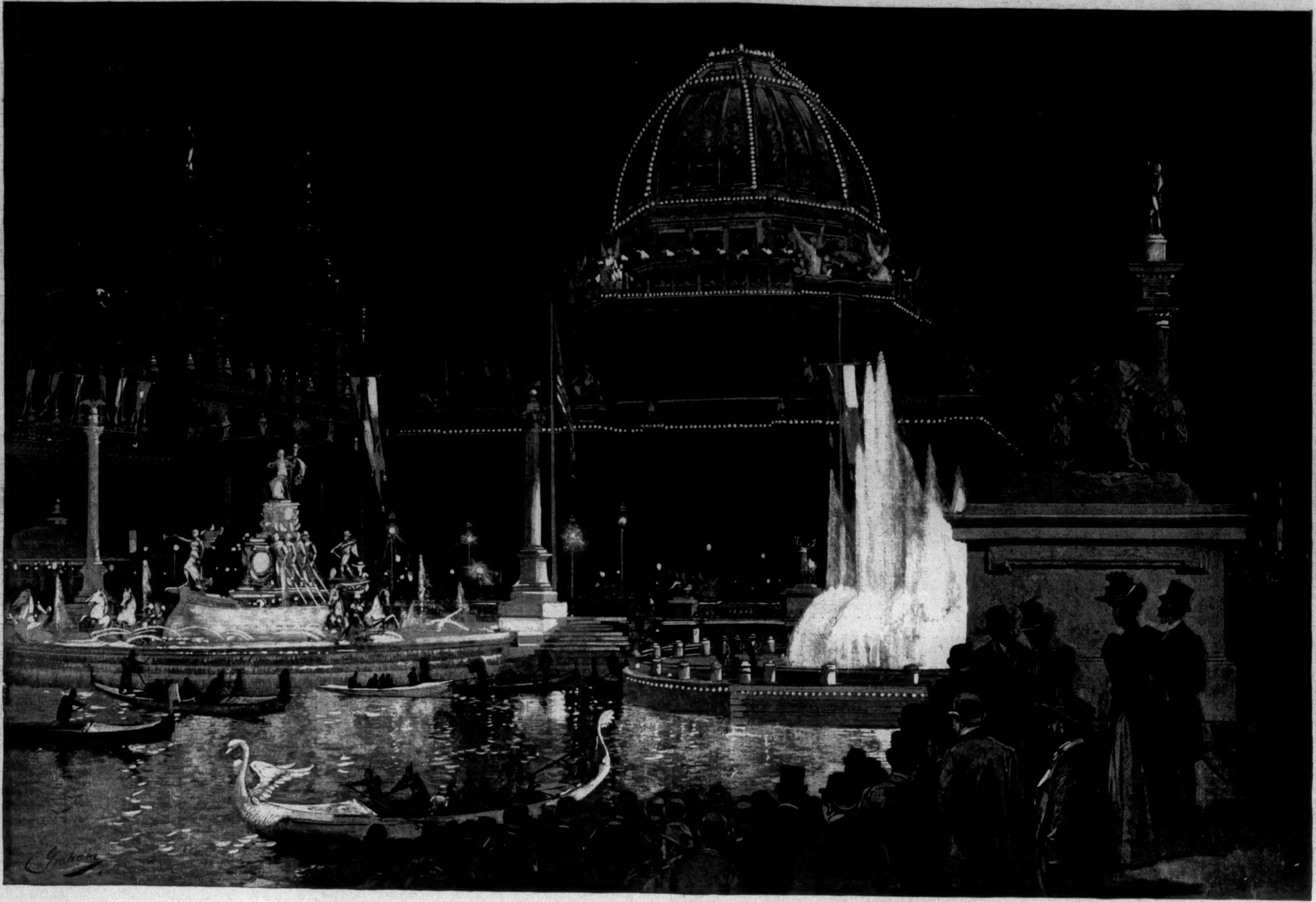
As to the maximum weight of the fish authorities differ. An exceptionally large fish will weigh five hundred pounds. The average sword-fish will turn the scales at two hundred pounds. The pursuit of the fish as practised by the Nantucket fishermen is the most exciting of sports. A day when there is a smart breeze with fairly smooth water is selected. There is a man at the mast-head who has a keen vision, and at once signals the presence of the fish. The skipper, who is the cleverest of men, takes his station at the bowsprit, standing on a small platform called the "pulpit." The harpoon is known as "a sword-fish iron"; sometimes it is called a "lily-iron." It is a harpoon with a detachable head, and fastened by a socket to a hickory pole sixteen feet in length. The pole is secured by a light line to the vessel, so that it cannot be lost. The harpoon weighs, wood and iron, eighteen pounds. The harpoon is not thrown, but pushed or jabbed into the fish. The skipper always strikes at a point under the dorsal fin. The fish being struck, the iron becomes detached from the pole. As may be seen in the illustration, there is one man with a line in his hand, and another ready to throw overboard a float, which is an empty keg. The wounded fish may carry off one hundred fathoms of line, but cannot escape. Generally a small boat is lowered, and the sword-fish killed with a lance. The flesh of the sword-fish is excellent.



COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—IN THE TERMINAL STATION.—Drawn by Nichols and Eaton.



COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—BIG GUNS IN THE WAR DEPARTMENT, GOVERNMENT BUILDING.—Drawn by Nichols and Eaton.



COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—THE GRAND COURT AT NIGHT—ELECTRICAL ILLUMINATION OF MACMONNIES'S FOUNTAIN AND THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.

IMPORTANT CONVENTION IN CANADA.

THE LIBERALS TO MEET AT OTTAWA THIS WEEK.

It shows the difference in the forms of government which prevail in North America that while political conventions occur in the regular order of events in the United States, in Canada an assemblage of party representatives of this character is unusual, and hence an occurrence of great significance. The government of the people finds its earliest initiation in the United States in the choice of delegates to a body unrecognized in law, yet which has the power of creating law-makers. In the neighboring Dominion, while in fact the government quite as completely springs from the people, the practice has never yet prevailed whereby an unofficial expression of the people's wishes is made by a body voluntarily chosen, without authorization of statute, and having no real legal power to enforce its behests.

Hence the assemblage in Ottawa, Canada, during the present week, of the chief representatives of the great Liberal party of the Dominion from regions covering a stretch of country reaching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, is an interesting occasion. It is an occasion of peculiar interest to the people of the United States, because the chief topic for discussion at the Convention will be the policy which shall animate the party, should it control the reins of government, in its relations with this country. Upon the wisdom which shall guide the conclusions of the Convention in this respect will depend the ability of the party at the next general Parliamentary election, soon impending, to secure control of the government. This control would result in a complete reversal of policy from that which, under a Tory administration, has for so many years prevailed in the Dominion. Instead of commercial hostility, restriction, isolation of one part of the continent from the other, and practical belligerency toward the United States, the desire of the new Liberal government, should it obtain power, would be of precisely opposite character. It would have for its policy the closest possible commercial relations between the United States and Canada and the utmost freedom of trade. A practical commercial union, if not in name, certainly in effect, would then be possible, long preceding and perhaps preventing the political union which so many hope for, but which is impossible in the present generation. Practically, so far as trade and profit are concerned, it would immediately bring about an equal result.

It will therefore be realized how important are the consequences to this country of the assemblage of the Canadian delegates which takes place in Ottawa this week. While the trade between the United States and Canada has hitherto been insignificant, and there is in the public mind a lack of apprehension of the importance of the Canadian question, nevertheless there are forces at work which make it more than ever incumbent upon this people to watch closely the trend of events in a country which is the largest and nearest customer for manufactured goods, the greatest source of supply for raw material and food products, and which affords to the coming generation an opportunity of profit in development equalled only by that which within their own borders their parents enjoyed. It will be realized, therefore, that the meeting at Ottawa is full of significance, and it is remarkable that it has not hitherto attracted more attention from both press and people of this country.

The Dominion has been governed since 1878 by the Tory party on the lines of what is known as the National Policy. These lines are rigid in their protectionist character, and in that sense resembled the principles which animated the Republican party in the control of the United States until recently. A reciprocity of trade having many years ago been found impossible, a reciprocity of tariffs was supposed to be the next best thing, and Sir John Macdonald's play upon these words epitomized the policy that has up to this time dominated the Dominion in its relation to this country.

Not only in relation to the tariff has the Canadian policy been one of commercial hostility, completely shutting out all American manufactures that it was possible within the Dominion to produce, but with respect to all other points of contact the same spirit of reprisal has prevailed. In relation to the fisheries, for instance, the policy has been belligerent and exasperating to the last degree. Still awaiting the settlement of a question unsettled for half a century, and greatly calculated to disturb the repose of both nations, between the two English-speaking nations of the world peace only is preserved by the constant annual payment by the United States of license or tonnage dues by American fishermen that make it more than ever difficult to set aside this practical admission of the justice and legality of Canadian claims to exclusive rights of enormous value. Equally so with regard to the laws relating to railway transportation, wherein bonding privileges through Canada by rail for a few quintals of fish are denied by the Canadian Tory government to American fishermen, while Canada enjoys at the hands of the United States privileges for the bonding of merchandise and produce to and from and through Canada in proportions so vast that to deny them would bankrupt the entire Canadian railway systems. So, too, in the relations of the Bering Strait question. The attitude of Canada has brought about the great assemblage in Paris of the court now arbitrating the points at issue, and the display of an amount of forensic ability rarely equalled in the history of diplomacy.

Meantime Canada languishes in the continental race; her development is arrested, and the exodus continues to this country of her youngest, the healthiest, the most vigorous, and the most adventurous of her population. Her debt, national and provincial, increases, her debt-paying power diminished, her canal and railway interests depending on this country are imperilled, and, last and worst of all, by the operation of the United States McKinley tariff, as the logical outcome of the reciprocity of tariffs, the Dominion is practically shut out from her natural markets. This has caused enormous loss to the vast majority of the people who have been hitherto dependent upon the United States for the absorption of what they produce. The decline in two years in exports of agricultural products to the United States has, in the bulkiest of articles and in the aggregate of the largest amount, equalled nearly seventy per cent., which in a country sustained by agriculture is an enormous proportion. Notwithstanding the increased trade with Great Britain, the loss to Canadians by their exclusion from the United States market has been very great. Had the agricultural section of the McKinley bill been specially framed for the purpose of spreading ruin over the largest possible area of the continent outside of the United States, among the classes most numerous and the industries most vital to the development of that area, it could not have taken a shape more exacting or more exasperating. The result is that among the majority of Canadians included in the five great classes of Farmers, Fishermen, Lumbermen, Miners, and Shippers, there is the greatest dissatisfaction at the existing conditions of trade between the two countries. The present Tory government, having inaugurated the national policy of reprisal, of isolation, and hostility to the United States, are blamed for the rigid retaliation of the McKinley bill. The demand is therefore imperative for a tariff reform in Canada, so as to get in line with the amended policy of the United States desired by the people in the election of Mr. Cleveland. The Tory party are feeling the pressure of this demand at every point, and are especially harassed by an important defection of an adherent exceedingly able and aggressive in the person of Mr. D'Alton McCarthy, who has been before designated as the wisest and ablest of Tories.

It is under circumstances such as these that representatives of the Liberal party assemble in Ottawa to decide on a policy for the future, and which by submission to the people at the coming general Parliamentary election will beget their approval, and enable them to obtain power. It will be admitted that the circumstances of their opponents in the Tory ranks are such that unless there be the greatest mismanagement or ill luck in the formation of that policy the Liberal chances for victory are uncommonly good. Hence the most intense anxiety prevails among those who apprehend the dangers of the hour that no mistake should be made.

The defeat at the last general election of the Liberal party on the question of unrestricted reciprocity with the United States has made it seem difficult for the leaders to insist upon the continuance of the particular form of appeal to the people. The election in the United States of the Democratic party has in the mean time relegated reciprocity as a Republican makeshift to the position of a back number, while the administration has made no demonstration of its tariff policy sufficient to give the Canadians the slightest clew as to what they may expect. Except on the general principles that the mandate of the American people last November meant the breaking down of barriers, the enlargement of markets, free admission of raw material, and cheapened food products, no expression exists by which the Canadian government can be guided. Yet this broad expression will suffice for general guidance, and it may be depended upon that a general policy will animate the Liberal party such as will respond in the largest degree to the expressed wishes of the American people.

The chief cause for the defeat of the Liberal party at the last Canadian election was the skilful use by the Tories of the cry of disloyalty to British connection, supposed to be involved in the desire for closer trade relations with the United States. The impression conveyed by the opponents of unrestricted reciprocity was that the commercial union thus created between the two countries would certainly lead to a political union between them. This impression in the public mind was confirmed by the admission on the part of the Liberals that as a price for the free entrance of Canadian products into the United States there should be an equally free admission into Canada of American manufactures of every name and nature, which implied a discrimination against British goods that seemed eventually fatal to British connection. The Liberals argued with great force that Canada should not be sacrificed to the interests of a few British manufacturers, and if the price to be paid for the free use of the American market was a discrimination against English goods, they were willing to pay it, because the loss to Canada was infinitely greater than the gain to Britain. Even in the face of this cry of disloyalty, and with the whole question greatly misapprehended, the Liberals made great gains, and reduced the Parliamentary majority by which the administration was sustained from seventy to twenty votes. It is true that the by-elections since held have restored the ministry to its former strength, and that the Tories will go into the next electoral contest as powerful as before. Nevertheless, great changes have taken place since the last election. The object-lesson taught by the McKinley bill as to the logical folly of restriction has been bitterly learned, while the results of a protective policy in a small country like Canada have been manifestly disappointing even to its most ardent advocates. The disloyalty cry has largely disappeared, because it is shown that if a real annexation sentiment grows at all, it is because of discontent and discouragement, and that a free-trade relation with the United States would completely dissipate any supposed existing desire for political union. Meantime, also, the American people have, by a mighty mandate, demanded a reversal of the commercial policy hitherto prevailing, and the Liberals therefore encounter conditions far more favorable for success than those which prevailed at the last election.

It will be interesting to observe how they will meet these changed circumstances. If they should boldly adopt a policy of tariff reform, applicable to the whole world, resulting in a reduction of revenue, that would demand the most rigid economy of administration, and seek by direct or different forms of taxation some method of bridging the deficiency in revenue, they will be simply irresistible in their appeal to the country. A new and changed policy of government of half the continent, especially in its relation to the other half occupied by the United States, may therefore result from this assemblage. Erastus Wiman.

PRIVATE GALLAGHER'S DISTINCTION.

For fifty-eight out of the sixty days that elapsed between the paymaster's bi-monthly visits to the post, Private Gallagher was the best soldier in the command. When he marched on guard it was ten to one that he would be selected as "orderly for the commanding officer," an honor always given to the smartest soldier in the guard. The sleeve of his dress-coat was a mass of service and war chevrons; on his breast he wore the sharpshooter's cross with two bars, and the Congressional medal of honor, won by his cool valor many years before in Arizona, when, finding himself cut off with a wounded captain and four cartridges by three Chiricahua Apaches, he shot the three dead before they could pull a trigger. Service and war chevrons he had galore, but his sleeve was bare of the non-commissioned officer's stripes; and the reason of it lay in the occurrences of the two eventful days of the above-mentioned sixty. The ink of his signature on the pay-rolls was not dry before Private Gallagher was on his way to the adjacent town, there to exchange the crisp bills of the paymaster for the vile whiskey of the "Bucking Broncho" saloon. That night at check roll-call Gallagher was reported absent, and again at reveille; and next morning when the patrol sent after him marched into the post, the smart soldier of the day before would never be recognized in the battered and inert form that was carried into the guard-house.

Remonstrance and reprimand had first been tried by all the officers, from the Colonel down to the last graduate from the Point. Then the wheels of military justice were set to grinding, and again and again Private Gallagher stood up before garrison or summary courts martial to plead "guilty, sor," to the charge that, in the soldier's code, covers a multitude of sins—"conduct to the prejudice of good order and military discipline." At last the Colonel's patience gave out. One morning when, after a pay-day spree, Gallagher, looking as spruce and soldierly as if he had never seen the inside of a guard-house, knocked at the door of the Colonel's office, and announced, "Private Gallagher reports as commanding officer's orderly, sor," he was told that the next offence would bring him before a general court martial. Now a general court martial for a soldier with Gallagher's record of "previous trials and convictions" meant nothing less than dishonorable discharge from the army.

One afternoon, as the paymaster's ambulance and escort were disappearing down the road in a cloud of dust on their way to the railway station, Lieutenant Barker, the senior lieutenant of Gallagher's company, was hurrying towards the barrack for the daily drill, wondering how many men would be suffering from that tired feeling, the bacilli of which seemed to be generated in the air by the mere presence of an officer of the pay corps at the post. For the first few moments of the drill Barker noticed nothing unusual, save a smile of far-off beatific content on Private Gallagher's face, and an inclination, hastily corrected, to execute "fours right" at the command "Fours left!" These vagaries the lieutenant was disposed to overlook, not wishing to be the means of bringing the old soldier before the general court with which the Colonel had threatened him. But matters grew worse as the drill went on. Finally, when Gallagher began to show a contempt for the interval between files of the new drill regulations, and his preference for the old "shoulder to shoulder" formation by leaning heavily against his neighbors in ranks, the lieutenant lost his patience and exclaimed, "Sergeant Murphy, take Gallagher behind the barracks and drill him there by himself!"

At the end of a half-hour Barker brought his company to a "rest," and proceeded to the barracks to see what success Sergeant Murphy and Gallagher were having with their evolutions *à deux*. The picture that met his eye was not encouraging. The sergeant had evidently given the thing up in despair, while Gallagher was sitting upon the steps of the porch, his head between his hands, in an attitude of complete collapse.

"Well, Gallagher," inquired the lieutenant, "what's the matter with you now?"

"Oi'm sick, sor," replied Gallagher, screwing up his face into an expression of mortal agony.

"That story will hardly do," said Barker. "You're not sick; you're drunk."

"Indade, lieutenant, oi'm not dhrunk, sor."

"But I see plainly that you are, Gallagher."

For a moment the old soldier knit his brow in an apparent struggle to give fit expression to a great truth that was stirring in his brain; then, in a triumphant voice, he exclaimed, "No, lieutenant, oi'm not dhrunk; oi may be lyin', but oi'm not dhrunk."

And Private Gallagher was never tried by general court martial, for Lieutenant Barker is still trying to fathom the full meaning of Private Gallagher's distinction.

MUSIC AND DRAMA

Mr. Hammerstein has again embarked upon the troublous sea of opera—this time comic, coupled with ballet—and presented this week the *Talisman*, the latest opera from the pen of M. Planquette, of *Cloches de Corneville* fame, in connection with *Versailles*, a grand spectacular ballet. A first-class production in all respects was promised by Mr. Hammerstein. It will be remembered that similar promises were made in regard to the season of opera in English perpetrated at the Manhattan Opera-house earlier in the season. This same season should have taught Mr. Hammerstein a lesson that it takes money to make money, and that great cry and little wool, a pretentious production of rather less than average excellence, is not calculated to secure notable results in any way. Although *Nell Gwynne* was a charming work, which received scant justice when done in this country at the Casino, the two latest specimens of M. Planquette's art heard in this country, *Paul Jones* and *Captain Therese*, are not of a kind to inspire great hopes as to the *Talisman*, which, however, is reported to have been well received in Paris. Occasion will be taken to refer to this production later. Within a very few days the Casino will be put up for sale at auction—another and inevitable step in the *dégringolade* which has been steadily going on there for some time past. Comment is needless; the facts speak for themselves. There was a time when under proper management the Casino might readily have been made, in a way at least, the Opéra Comique of this city and country; but that time and that opportunity have vanished. New men and new measures are needed to bring about a result which is certainly desirable for New York as a metropolitan city, and now that the Casino reign is practically at an end, what is to take its place? As a result of the recent litigation the management has once again come out ahead of the stockholders, who, when the general wind-up occurs, are likely to come out at the very small end of a very small horn.

The annual summer theatrical interregnum and present dulness in things dramatic will not this year remain long unbroken, as, according to present indications, next season will start in very early. A number of August openings are promised. At the Standard that one of Mr. Frohman's company which lately appeared in *Jane* will open the season with a new comedy from the pens of Messrs. Sims and Raleigh, entitled *Fanny*, which, it is said, is built upon the same lines and general plan as *Jane*, and is intended to be a *replica* of that most amusing piece. Mr. Sothern will begin his annual season at the Lyceum early in August with a new piece as yet not announced, and the original French company will produce the celebrated musical pantomime, *The Prodigal Son*, at Daly's Theatre, and give us the real Simon Pure original of the many "Prodigalities" which have appeared on the dramatic stage since the success of that piece. It is rather curious, and speaks well for Mr. Daly's lack of prejudice and liberality, that he should allow another company to appear at his own theatre in a piece in which his own company had a distinct and dismal lack of success. *The Prodigal Son*, as interpreted by the artists who created the parts, is certainly one of the most delightful and original theatrical entertainments which have been offered to the public in many years, and should prove a revelation to the American public as an exemplification of the art of pantomime—an art which lies at the basis of all acting, and of which both American actors as a class and the American public are wellnigh entirely ignorant. The piece, as interpreted by this company, put up originally to fill an interregnum of two or three weeks at the Bouffes, ran for over two years, and became at once the rage in London when produced there. It will be interesting to notice from this production whether the previous lack of success of the piece in this country is to be attributed to our national lack of artistic appreciation or to the deficiencies of the company which originally presented it here.

On the 27th of this month, if proposed arrangements are carried out, Mr. Daly will open his theatre in London with an address by the eminent dramatic critic Mr. Clement Scott and a brace of familiar plays, and will then certainly experience something like the feelings of a general who has effected a lodgement in an enemy's country. Should Mr. Daly procure and successfully produce in London an original American play, in the proper sense of the term—that is, one not merely by an American author, but one dealing with a typical American subject, readily recognizable as such—he will have done as much for American dramatic art in England as he has now done for Mr. Daly; for up to the present time, with the exception perhaps of Mr. Bronson Howard's *Saratoga* and *The Banker's Daughter*, which were Anglicized for the occasion, no American play has ever succeeded in making in London any decided or lasting impression.

But, after all, why Mr. Daly's theatre in London, except as a matter of personal and managerial pride and enterprise? Would we not look upon it somewhat in the light of an intrusion, to say the least, if an English manager of equal eminence were to come over here with a purely English company and settle down in our midst with the obvious intention of remaining foreign? Would we be likely to accord to such a manager or such a company as cordial a reception as has hitherto been accorded to Mr. Daly in London? Naturally it would be best for the English-speaking stage to recognize no purely national boundaries; but here an inevitable national feeling, more strongly marked in England than even in this country, steps in to re-establish the dividing lines. If Mr. Daly's new enterprise should succeed to any appreciable extent in obliterating these he will have done much for international dramatic art.

Reports which come to us from Vienna indicate the falsity of previous rumors to the effect that Verdi's *Falstaff* had not been well received there. As a matter of fact, the opera has been received with the utmost favor by Viennese critics, although one, the eminent Dr. Hanslick, seems to think that the popularity of Nicolai's *Merry Wives of Windsor* will interfere somewhat with the general acceptance of the work by the public. Maurel, who thought better of his previously expressed intention and appeared in the title-rôle, made an immense personal success, and the Viennese public is at present wild over him, to the great disgust of the other eminent and local baritone, Herr Reichmann. A recent important operatic production abroad was that of *Phryne*, styled in the bills "an antique comedy, with light music, by Camille Saint-Saëns," which was produced with much success at the Opéra Comique recently. Miss Sibyl Sanderson took the rôle of the beautiful Phryne of the familiar legend, but at the critical moment—in the trial scene where the fair frail one is unveiled in unclad beauty before the eyes of the judges—when every one was waiting, opera-glass in hand, the place of the lovely prima donna, whose radiant beauty was said to be one of the events of the evening, was taken by a statue. An eminent critic characterizes the opera as being of a delicious and refreshing archaic simplicity, full of grace and delicacy, light, facile, and melodious. One hardly, it is said, recognizes the classical hand of Saint-Saëns in the dainty, florid, frolicsome score. Another critic remarks, apropos: "When on reviewing the majestic profundity of the *Valkyrie* one finds one's self face to face with an amiable little work like *Phryne*, one is astonished to find that the German ogre has not yet quite devoured French art. The traditional French *chanson* still holds its place beside the philosophic and inward Lied; there are still people who can and will write French music in France." The *Valkyrie* at the Grand Opera-house, *Phryne* at the Opéra Comique, and both enormously successful—surely extremes meet in a most surprising way. Further news from Paris is that Adolph Adam's opera, the *Toreador*, is shortly to be revived at the Opéra Comique, and that the celebrated Russian composer Cæsar Cui is now in Paris making arrangements for the production at the Grand Opera-house of his operatic work, *The Filibusters*.

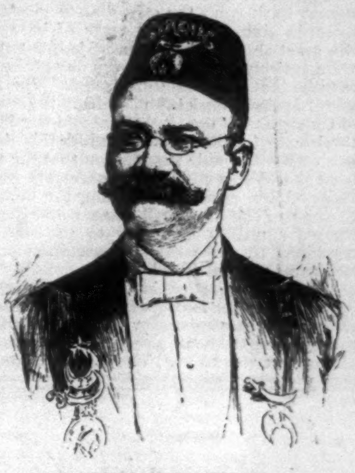
A musical event of most unusual and notable interest was the first production in this country of Leoncavallo's much-discussed opera *I Pagliacci* (the Clowns), by the company directed by Mr. Hinrichs, which marked last week, from a musical stand-point, with a white stone. The story of the opera and some account of the critical estimation in which the work is held abroad were given in this department last week; it will therefore suffice now to say that for once expectation was not disappointed, and that, taken as a whole, *I Pagliacci*, as regards what it actually achieves and even more in what it promises, must be considered one of the most important bits of operatic work done since Wagner. While one is inclined to doubt whether *I Pagliacci* will achieve the immediate popular success obtained by its prototype, *Cavalleria Rusticana*, there can be no question that in broad emotion, directness, sincerity, and self-evident truth to nature, *I Pagliacci* cannot fail to impress not alone the amateur and critic, but also the general public. As a composer, Leoncavallo is essentially cosmopolitan, and, as seen in his work, impresses one as a man of large ideas, broad sympathies, much innate refinement, and nobility, and lofty aims. If *I Pagliacci* be not a really great work, as has been said, and one which perhaps just misses being absolutely convincing, it is nevertheless a work of great musical beauty and power, and one wherein the originality and marked promise exhibited by the composer give ample grounds for the greatest hopes for his future. *I Pagliacci* is a music-drama in the true sense of the term, in that words and music form a complement to each other, and are indispensable parts of a dramatic whole.

Although the *leit motif*, properly speaking, is not used at all, the treatment of the score is Wagnerian in spirit; and while distinctly original—markedly so, indeed—the composer to a certain extent reflects the thought and experience of those who have gone before him in a thoroughly eclectic spirit. There is less of well-defined vocal melody in the score than one would have expected from an Italian; and the composer appears at his best when not, as in some cases, with evident intent seeking an effective tune. The production as a whole, while evidently perfunctory as regards *mise en scène*, was certainly adequate enough to enable one to justly estimate the work, and reflects much credit on Mr. Hinrichs, who conducted with great intelligence and appreciation, and on Messrs. Campanari and Montegriffo, who as Tonio and Canio respectively, both vocally and dramatically, exhibited real power. That Madame Kronold-Koert was hardly convincing as Nedda was in a measure due to the fact that the composer has made his principal female character a heartless coquette, who enlists neither the sympathy nor the interest of the audience. It is to be hoped that further opportunities of hearing this most interesting work will be afforded us in the near future; meanwhile, one acknowledges with pleasure a debt of gratitude due to Mr. Hinrichs.

REGINALD DE KOVEN.

THE NOBLES OF THE MYSTIC SHRINE.

THE nineteenth annual session of the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine A.·. A.·. O.·. N.·. M.·. S.·. for North America was held in the city of Cincinnati, beginning Monday, June 12th. The Order, which dates from the time of Mohammed in the East, was founded in this country in 1871 by the actor W. J. Florence and Dr. Walter M. Fleming. Mecca Temple, in New York city, was the first lodge instituted in America, and the Order has grown so that now there are 65 Temples and nearly 25,000 Nobles. The Syrian Temple, Oasis of Cincinnati, where the Imperial Council met, has been organized a number of years, and is presided over by William B. Melish, who was one of the originators. Mr. Melish, whose portrait is given herewith, has been a member of the Imperial Council since 1886, and was elected Illustrious Imperial Potentate of North America in 1892. His successor to the latter office is Thomas J. Hudson, assistant postmaster at Pittsburg, who was chosen June 14th. The preparations made by the local Nobles of the Order were elaborate and extensive, and many of the visiting Shriners were accompanied by their wives. The first day was devoted to the escort and reception of visiting Temples, concluding with the opening of the Syrian Temple's "Well in the Desert" at the Grand Hotel in the evening. The Imperial Council met in secret session at the Scottish Rite Cathedral on Tuesday and Wednesday, while the other Nobles were entertained by the reception committee of the Syrian Temple. On Tuesday evening all the Nobles were reviewed in parade by the Imperial Potentate, and a large number participated. The uniform consisted of evening dress, with Oriental fez and the jewel of the Order, which is a tiger's claw mounted in silver and suspended from a silver cimeter. The route of the procession led from the Grand Hotel to the Music Hall, a distance of twelve blocks. After the review a special entertainment was given in the latter place, called "The Secret of the Sphinx," to which only the Shriners and the ladies accompanying them were admitted. The street decorations along the avenues where the parade was held were particularly striking. In addition to the bunting and house decorations, more than ten thousand glass globes of all colors lined the street on either side, lighted by gas. Several arches of gas jets were also erected along the line of march, and the Syrian Eagle and appropriate words of welcome in brilliant lights added to the display. Fireworks at different points heralded the arrival of the procession, and the affair was altogether most successful. Elephants and camels were led by the Nobles, and gave an Oriental coloring to the caravan. Temples from all parts of the country were represented, and immense crowds witnessed the affair. About 3500 Nobles were in line, headed by Great Sheik Hickenlooper. Wednesday, June 14th, was also given over to the entertainment of the guests while the Imperial Council was in session, ending with a farewell reception at the Grand Hotel and a summer-night fête at the Zoölogical Gardens.



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THOSE who visited the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia seventeen years ago will remember with anything but pleasure the struggle that had to be made to go to Fairmount Park from the city, and to get back towards nightfall. Many ways of going to the great show had been provided, but they were entirely inadequate every day of the six months that the exhibition lasted. The fair site at Jackson Park is farther from the centre of Chicago than the Centennial site was from the heart of Philadelphia; besides this there is a very reasonable expectation that the visitors at Chicago will greatly exceed those in Philadelphia in numbers during the months to come. The increased distance and the increased numbers necessary to provide for combined to make the transportation problem more difficult of solution.

In a previous article in this paper I touched upon another factor of the problem—the carrying of passengers by water. The water route, unless the boats be over-crowded, is the pleasantest way to go. The fleet of boats, of which the great whaleback steamship *Christopher Columbus* is the flag-ship, has a capacity to take to and from the fair 15,000 passengers an hour. The boats are chartered to carry even greater loads, so it is probably safe to say that 15,000 an hour can be taken with comfort. Of the railways running to Jackson Park, the one with the most ample facilities is the Illinois Central, which runs along the front of Lake Michigan well into and even beyond the centre of the hotel district. During the building of the fair this was almost the only means of getting to Jackson Park, and the accommodations were most shockingly bad. The cars were dirty, and either too hot or too cold. This road has eight main tracks passing the grounds. Four of these are used to take passengers to and from the park, and the capacity is said to be 30,000 an hour each way.

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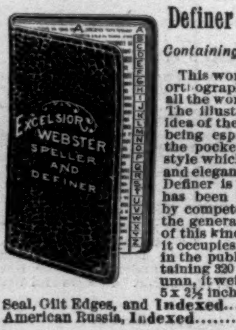
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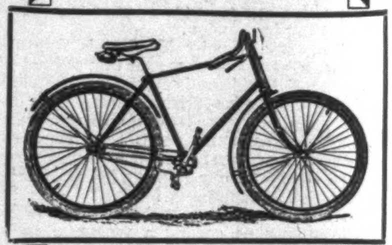

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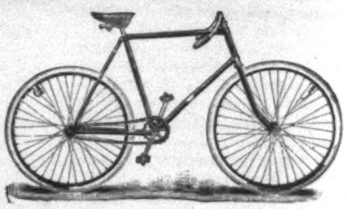

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AMATEVR · SPORT

It is not often we give space to the letters of this nature that are received, but the one printed herewith sounds the keynote of the modern situation so distinctly, and is so thoroughly sportsmanlike in its tone, that we cannot resist the temptation to publish sentiments with which this department is so entirely in accord.

June 14, 1893.

My dear Sir,—Let me thank you for what you said in the last Weekly about the Harvard-Princeton game. It is difficult to understand how a company of young men, receiving the best education the country affords, can invite six or seven thousand persons out to see them play a game, and then keep them waiting while they wrangle. The professional players who lay no claim to breeding would not dare do such a thing.

Every year these unseemly wrangles occur, and they disgrace us. Last year Yale and Harvard could not play a third game, and this year they have barely agreed to a third game. The schools follow suit, and Exeter and Andover cannot play together.

The true sportsman, it seems to me, should be actuated only by the desire to arrange a meeting and a friendly trial of skill. His chief anxiety should be that the meeting should be on absolutely equal terms, and that no suspicion, or possible suggestion of advantage, should adhere, at least to his side. Eagerness for the meeting should so possess the teams, crews, and nines, that questions of detail should seem impertinent to them.

Instead of this, they fill the newspapers year after year with accounts of their contemptible schemings for advantages of dates, grounds, etc. Instead of scorning the idea of going into a contest with an advantage, they plan to get it, and the public opinion of the college applauds. If one gentleman asks another to his house to play a friendly game, will he not give him his choice of light, or cue, or what not? Would he not deem himself ill-bred if he took the advantage in any such particular? Why does not this law apply to the aggregated gentleman in college athletics? Why should he feel bound to become a sharper and a trickster?

Yours truly, —— ——, Harvard '75.

LAURIE BLISS,
Captain Yale Nine.

Nor could the letter have come at a more timely moment, when the two nines of the preparatory schools—Exeter and Andover—have finally agreed to disagree after a season's wrangling. That these schools should be unable to come to a sportsmanlike understanding on the baseball situation, after fighting over it for several weeks, shows unmistakably what the baneful example of the universities will do. Boys at school invariably tread in the footsteps of the older boys at college—good, bad, or indifferent. The example set at college is certain to have its influence at the preparatory school. This is why such stress is always laid in this department on the necessity of keeping all college sport honest and clean. If the boy sees unfair and unsportsmanlike measures resorted to in the university football or baseball game, you may be sure he will introduce the same at his school, and *per contra*, if boys at their preparatory school countenance dishonesty in their sport, they will spread it through the ranks of whatever college they afterwards enter.

On the other hand, if the boy sees that all such unsportsmanlike conduct is discountenanced, he will take the lesson to heart and act accordingly.

The school is the place, above all others, where the seeds of sportsmanship should be sown. Every teacher in such schools, every head-master, and every father has a responsibility in this direction, the gravity of which is second to none.

The boy who is honest and sportsmanlike in his baseball and football is the one who will be honest in his profession. A man or boy dishonest in sport need simply the opportunity to be dishonest in his business.

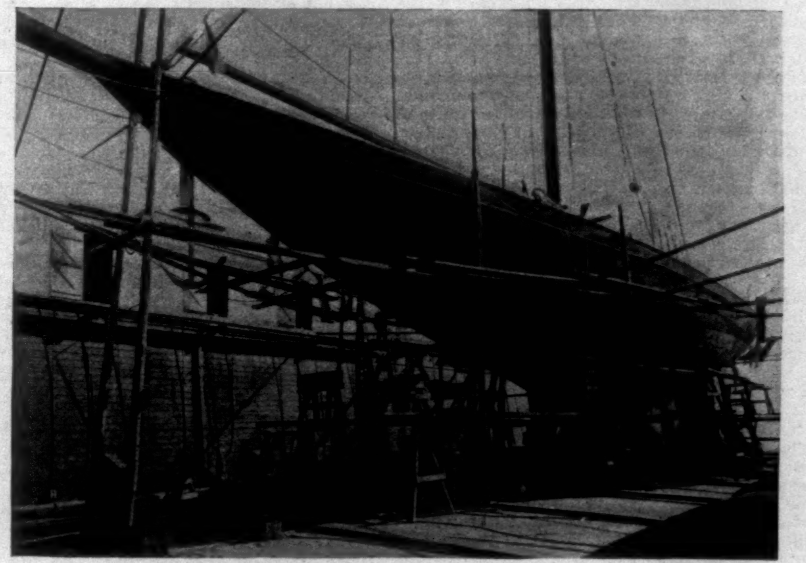
This wrangling over dates would be stopped if university faculties and school head-masters forbade a game between the belligerents for say a season.

All that now remains of the college baseball season is the struggle between Harvard and Yale, and this promises to be more than usually exciting and evenly played. Though both Harvard and Yale have been defeated, yet the game each has put up proves beyond a doubt that the championship rests between them.

Harvard began with the best material a university ever had in one season. All her men were tried and able ballplayers, and Captain Frothingham's work consisted in chiefly getting them to so understand one another that team play would result. Harvard has not shown the team play one would expect, and most of her games have been won by a series of strong individual efforts, and not by that careful combination which would put them in the lead of all college teams.

Yale, on the other hand, began with rather a forlorn hope, and had it not been for the master work of Carter in the box would not be Harvard's true rival to-day. Only one or two experienced players, such as compose Harvard's nine, were to be had, and the new men found it hard work to keep up the pace expected of them. Yale had to develop a whole team, and Harvard's nine simply needed practice; so, at the start, Harvard had a clear advantage. But whether this advantage will be apparent on the 22d, when the teams meet for the first time this year on Holmes Field, is very doubtful. In Carter lies Yale's strength, and this much cannot be said of Highlands. Harvard's strength is in her batting and base-running, and if Carter can check these, Yale's chance to win is good. Yale will probably not try to hit the ball hard, but, as last year, be content in making Highlands not only pitch every ball, but also field every ball.

With Rustin on third base, and he will be there when his team meets Harvard, Yale has a strong in-field, and her outfield compares favorably with anything Harvard can produce, yet Harvard's men have had more experience, and may play better ball at critical moments. If Yale succeeds in winning the series, it will be a triumph of good pitching and dash over what ought to be the best team in the college league; but the chances must be considered slightly in favor of Harvard, because of their surer hitting and sharper running.



ROYAL PHELPS CARROLL'S "NAVAHOE."
Gone to England to sail for the Cape May and Brenton Reef Cups.

Harvard has shown in the games of last week that her team is not only retaining but increasing its strength. The University of Pennsylvania series was captured without much difficulty—the first game, 10–4, the second, 14–8—and in each the Harvard batsmen proved their superiority over those of any other college team in sure hitting. In the first game they hit Bayne, who is one of the cleverest pitchers of the day, at will, making seven singles in the first two innings. On the other hand, Pennsylvania, which has at times batted heavily, could not hit Highlands at all.

The first few innings of the second game demonstrated how far short of their proper form men can fall when they start in with the idea that it is all over but the shouting. Highlands's work was poor; he was wild, and Pennsylvania batted him all over the field. Highlands is an uncertain man, and it is his condition on the day of the Yale-Harvard games that will cut a very large figure in the result. He has yet to prove himself equal to the emergency in a close, exciting Yale game. His hitting is stronger than ever this year, and his stick-work in the last Pennsylvania game brought in five runs. Mason is also doing fine stick-work, and pushing Hallowell on base-running.

On the 15th, won from the Vermont University team, 12–2, but not against its star pitcher, Pond, although he was good enough to strike out Highlands. Harvard did some heavy hitting, and stole bases in rapid succession.

Yale's was beaten on the 13th 4–3 by this Vermont team, but they had their crack pitcher, Pond, in the box. The defeat rather emphasizes the lesson learned last year—that Pond and Kinsella are too good a battery to trifle with if they care about winning. Davis's eight bases on balls and inability to hit Pond told the story. These defeats take that unquestionable superiority from Yale's baseball honors which characterizes her football prowess.

L. G. FROTHINGHAM,
Captain Harvard Nine.

Princeton deserves her third place in the race, for the last games played have been good ones, though her form at first was disappointing. The greatest victory was in winning the series from the University of Pennsylvania, whose strong team has made anything but a game finish. By yielding to Cornell and Priest's clever pitching, Pennsylvania must be classed below the Ithaca team, although at the beginning of the season it looked as if the nine would finish much nearer the leaders. Cornell ends the season with an excellent record. Out of nineteen games played, fifteen have been victories, defeating University of Michigan twice; Lehigh, twice; Williams, twice; Georgetown, once; and Pennsylvania, three straight. Brown has not played either Pennsylvania, Cornell, or Princeton, but they have shown form that would put them ahead of both Cornell and Pennsylvania, and it would have to be fought out with Princeton. Brown has won a game from both the Harvard and Yale nines, while Princeton has lost to both. A game between Brown and Princeton would be a very interesting and close one.

The Amherst nine is closing its season at a great pace, which had it got into at the time of the Williams game might have saved them the lead in the New England College League. As it is now it looks as if, after all, they would carry off the pennant. On the 7th they put up a great game against Brown, winning by score 6–2. Gregory, the Amherst pitcher, did fine work, holding Brown's heavy batters down to one hit until the seventh inning.

On the 9th and 10th the team and Colby's masterly pitching defeated Dartmouth, by the scores 6–3 and 5–3, and pu-

C. J. BARR,
Captain Cornell 'Varsity.

WALTER S. THOMSON,
Captain University of Pennsylvania Nine.

HARRY L. K. SHAW,
Captain Cornell Freshman.

FRANK CRAWFORD,
Captain University of Michigan Nine.

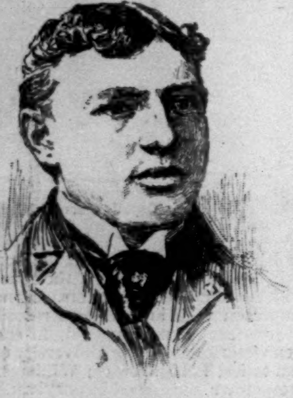
the New Hampshire nine out of the race. At the same time Williams was winning an errorless game, 8–6, from the Yale Law School team. Williams is playing a strong game, and Hollister's work in the box is far better than it has been for the past two seasons. The games in this league have been well contested, and show fully as much team-work as the larger university nines. The playing of Williams and Amherst has been all that their *alumni* could ask. Amherst in particular has done well against Harvard and Yale. She won a decided victory over Yale, 5–1, with Carter in the box, and came near winning from Harvard. Stearns, the captain of the Amherst, is one of the best second-basemen of the season.

This complimentary comment on Amherst was written before the game with Brown, which was the most miserable exhibition of fielding ever given on the Providence grounds. Amherst made 12 errors, of which its short-stop made 5, and its crack second-baseman, 2. Brown had no difficulty in winning, 10–1.

IF THE FIRST PAGE of this department had not already gone to press we should be tempted, after the miserable ball-playing on Saturday, to cut out the paragraph giving Princeton third place. Captain King and his men may certainly feel they have achieved distinction—that of giving the most wretched exhibition of fielding any college nine ever gave in this city. Yale beat them easily, 14–7, and that, too, with a substitute pitcher, Carter retiring after the fourth inning, at which time the score was 7–0 in Yale's favor. With the exception of a brilliant catch by Payne, Princeton's playing was wretched. They made *fourteen* errors, Otto and King dividing the honors with 4 and 3 respectively. Instead of being the recipients of a dinner in the evening the team should have had a good sound lecture from its graduate advisers. There is no disgrace in defeat after honest effort, but Princeton did not do its best on Saturday, and by just such work is giving Harvard and Yale cause for consideration of a dual arrangement.

Yale played an excellent game—Arbuthnot doing especially well at third, and Murphy giving promise of getting into form before the Harvard game. With the exception of the sixth inning, when Beall, Speer, and Kedzie bunched errors, and Princeton made four runs in consequence, their play was steady. Such a break against Harvard would certainly lose the game.

THE POLO SEASON, which opened May 27th with the Association Cups tournament at the Country Club of Westchester, was started off brilliantly by the Independence team, and has been kept brilliant by that team ever since. Not for several years has there been such interesting play, and never was so pat an illustration provided for polo men of the necessity of developing the second-class men in order to maintain the club standard of play, of the value of team-play, and the advantage of widening the intervals between important match games. All these subjects are familiar to the readers of this department, as many a paragraph has been written on them. Sportsmen who are really interested in the advancement of the game in this country will thank Messrs. George Lord Day, Thomas Hitchcock, Jun., George P. Eustis, and Benjamin Nicoll, who constitute the Independence team, for the lesson they have given their polo associates in these first few weeks of the season. They have shown what intelligent team-work and practice will accomplish, and, more than all, laid absolutely bare the great weakness of our club teams, viz., the dependence on a few cracks.



PHIL KING,
Captain Princeton Nine.

POLO WILL NEVER GET BEYOND its present standard over here until the policy of big I and little you ceases to be the dominating one on polo-club fields. In two or three clubs particularly there are players who appear to believe themselves possessed of a heaven-born right to absorb all the attention of the spectators during a match. Team-play under such conditions must suffer greatly. This same egotistical spirit unfortunately does not stop on the field nor confine itself to an occasional individual; it seems to be carried into the very club councils, and raises up the cry, Anything to win—to the deuce with the development of polo. Knowing of this sentiment, it is easy to understand what has prompted the vigorous protest recently made at the Association meeting against the further playing of the Independence team. The Meadowbrook Club misses Mr. Hitchcock's brilliant work and steadying influence; the Morristown Club cannot replace Messrs. Nicoll and Day, and Myopia has developed no one able to play Mr. Eustis's position.

These protesters care nothing for the improvement of polo itself. They consider nothing but their own selfishness. They want to win—quite a natural desire, to be sure—but instead of buckling down to the game and developing men—and there are plenty of them—and playing a *team* game, they do the baby act, and protest against men who have beaten them, and shown good sportsmanship and a proper conception of the way the game may be improved. If the Independence team had not been the victor in its matches, there would probably not have been a whimper against their playing. A very large number of the polo men around New York need an infusion of sporting blood in their veins.

THE FIRST MATCH FOR THE ASSOCIATION CUPS brought Independence and Meadowbrook together on the grounds of the Country Club of Westchester, and the former administered its first in the series of object-lessons it has continued giving on the value of team-work. Meadowbrook played Bird, Collier, George Eustis, and Roby, and made a poor showing, earning but one goal throughout the three periods of twenty minutes each. In the game with Rockaway, the latter team comprised Cheever, Tower (A. C.), L. Francke, and R. La Montagne; and Meadowbrook, Belmont, Bird, R. D. Winthrop, and J. L. Kernochan, which, substituting Thomas Hitchcock, Jun., for the latter, is the regular team it has been playing for several years. Yet, notwithstanding that fact, it could not win from Rockaway even with Keene and Cowdin missing, and the match went to the Cedarhurst players, 11 goals to 7½. Neither Belmont nor Winthrop is playing up to form, nor up to his present handicap. They want practice badly. Bird has put up a strong game this season, and Kernochan improved in his play, but his efforts are all confined to individual work, and he could make himself infinitely more valuable if he would pay some attention to team-play. Cheever always rode well, but this year, being mounted on Cowdin's ponies, he is doing better than ever, and hitting the ball in much improved style. Both Francke and La Montagne are also playing good game, for this early in the season. In the Meadowbrook match Rockaway played very good polo, but in their next contest, against Independence, Tower got a tumble which laid him up, and the team with a substitute went to pieces and could not make a single goal, while their opponents got 14.

IN THE FINAL FOR THESE CUPS Independence met Country Club of Westchester, and had somewhat of an easy win, earning 10 goals, allowed ½, to Westchester's earned 4 and allowed 2. It was not a very good game, Day and Nicoll playing in the poorest form they had shown in the tournament, while the Country Club had in a substitute, Reynal, whose forte is not polo, and lacked Potter's strong work at back.

The entries in the Philadelphia Country Club tournament last week for the Kuhn Cup brought out, besides the home team, that of Country Club of Westchester, which won the cup last year and year before, and the Independence.

Philadelphia and Westchester met in the first day's play, and on-lookers thought it one of the hottest games ever seen on the club grounds, until the one later in the week between Westchester and Independence, and then they declared it tame. Philadelphia played Altemus, Conover, H. C. Groome, and McKean, Westchester putting Bates, Havemeyer, Beeckman, and Potter on the field. Furious riding was the feature of the afternoon, and Philadelphia held its own well in this respect, but was much behind in team-play. Conover and Altemus are new men on the team, and have much to learn; the latter is a hard rider. Groome did the best all-round work, but the men should practise together; they need it. Havemeyer played a fine game, and Bates filled his position well. Beeckman was doing good work until a collision, and afterwards he was somewhat at sea. Potter gave the Philadelphians an exhibition of how valuable a back can be. Westchester won by 4 goals.

SATURDAY'S GAME, HOWEVER, WHEN THE KUHN CUP was won from Westchester by Independence, was the most notable match not only of the week, but of the season, up to date. Independence gave Westchester 3 goals, and in the first twenty minutes made up their handicap and 1 goal over, the score at the end of that period standing: Independence, 4 earned goals; Westchester, 3, allowed by handicap. Afterwards the play was more even, and although Independence constantly had the ball in the Westchester territory and got shot after shot for goal, the ground was hard and rough, and there was always a bunch of men and ponies around the goal-post, so that, although there were a number of attempts at goal which only missed by two or three inches, it was very difficult to score. During the other two periods they only scored 1 more goal than Westchester. That is to say, Independence scored 8 and Westchester 7. One of Independence's goals was very close, and although the referee allowed it, Westchester thought otherwise, and in order to avoid all possibility of dispute, Independence agreed not to consider it a goal, which made the score for the second and third periods 7 goals each, and the total at the end of the hour—Independence, 11 earned goals; Westchester, 7 earned goals, and under the handicap, 3.

Westchester, individually, played as good polo as Independence, but their team play was much inferior. Westchester No. 1, Bates, hit, if anything, better than the Independence No. 1, Day, but did not stick so closely to his position. Havemeyer, the Westchester No. 2, played a brilliant game throughout, and there was absolutely no criticism to be made on him, yet he was unquestionably outplayed by Hitchcock, who also did very brilliant work. At No. 3 neither Eustis nor Beeckman was quite up to the mark. Of the two, Beeckman was decidedly the better. At No. 4, Nicoll outplayed Potter, keeping his position better, and hitting surer and harder, the chief advantage being in the way he stuck to his position.

SURELY ILL LUCK HAS FOLLOWED the *Navahoe*. Early Monday morning she was in collision with a pilot-boat off the Georges, in a fog, and she now lies at the Atlantic Works, East Boston, her topmast gone, mast sprung, rigging carried away, forward frames and plating bent. She arrived there under sail Thursday morning, having made slow time after the accident under small sail and with light wind. A gang of men immediately began to remove the damaged plating, and nearly a week must elapse before she will be able to start again. It is discouraging to Mr. Carroll after the delays to which he has already been subjected. Up to the time of the accident the *Navahoe* had been doing some great work, having run off forty-eight miles in three hours and fifty minutes—a fine burst of speed, and Captain Barr speaks of her in terms of high praise.

Mr. Carroll certainly has had his share of misfortune, and it is to be hoped that the rest of the trip may be as successful as up to the present time it has been unsatisfactory.

The impression is gaining ground that the *Navahoe* has a good chance to win on the other side, notwithstanding the large margin by which the Watson boats are beating *Iverna;* and indeed there seems to be no reason to assume that our opponents have advanced more rapidly than have our own designers. The British designer has clung to the keel-boat, upon which he has so often depended in the past; while America holds fast to the centreboard, which has heretofore proved worthy of the trust; and if *Valkyrie*, *Britannia*, and *Calluna* are faster than the *Thistle* and *Iverna*, it is just as certain that *Navahoe* is an improvement over *Volunteer*, and it is not unlikely to prove true again that a fast centreboard boat is faster than the best keel.

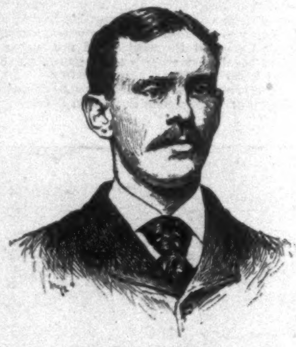
TWO OF THE "AMERICA'S" CUP defenders, *Vigilant* and *Pilgrim*, have been launched the past week, and very probably by the 1st of July we shall know something of the capabilities of each. The Rogers' syndicate boat, *Colonia*, had her first trial on the 12th, and a very satisfactory one it proved to be, for in a light wind she went through the water quietly and swiftly and proved to be fast in stays. She is very like the *Navahoe*, but has begun her career more auspiciously.

The Stewart and Binney boat *Pilgrim* went overboard Monday the 12th, and was immediately towed to Brooklyn, where in a dry-dock she is at present receiving her 17-foot fin. She is 120 feet long over all, 85 feet l.w.l., 23 beam, draught of hull, 5 feet; fin, 17 feet; total draught, 22 feet. She is very buoyant, and looks every inch a racer with her small displacement and fine under-water body. She has no keel, but instead the 17-foot fin and two smaller fins, one of which is about 7 feet deep, and will act as a centreboard. Probably there is greater interest in what this curious craft will do than in any other of the new boats.

The *Vigilant*, the Morgan-Iselin New York syndicate yacht launched on the 14th, probably comes second in public interest as to her possibilities. She has been built, literally without regard to cost, of steel and Tobin bronze, the latter metal constituting the keel. It gives her a marvellously smooth bottom, and yachtsmen are anxious to see how great a difference it makes in her speed. She is the largest of all the cup-defenders, being 130 feet length over all, 85 feet water-line length, beam, 26 feet; draught, 14; and will carry an immense spread of canvas, as may be imagined from the fact of her having a 98-foot boom. She is a big-bodied boat, with rather full water-lines, but a characteristic Herreshoff bow.

There is left now only the Paine boat, and all the prospective cup-defenders will be in the water.

The English yachts have been chiefly engaged the past week in colliding with one another. *Valkyrie* seems to hold the lead.



C. J. MARSHALL,
Captain U. of Penn. 'Varsity Crew.

THE MOST PROMINENT features of the New York Yacht Club's regatta last Thursday were the disappointing showing of J. Rogers Maxwell's new schooner *Emerald*, and the astonishingly good work of that sterling two-sticker *Iroquois*. That this schooner, by no means built for a racer, should cross the finish-line only about 40 seconds behind *Lasca*, an up-to-date (built last year) racer, shows just how good a boat Mr. R. N. Ellis owns. This year she is chartered to Mr. Iselin, and therefore not eligible to the N. Y. Y. C. races. It was *Emerald's* first race, but as she has just been built with an idea of being a flier, something better than nearly eight minutes behind *Lasca* was expected. *Lasca* did better work than last year, and was well handled.

Other than these features, the regatta was uninteresting, and only a small number of spectators turned out. All interest is centred on the cup-defenders, and until they appear yacht-racing is likely to be tame.

THAT THIS IS TRUE the schooner-race of the Corinthian Yacht Club (of New York) on Saturday proved beyond a doubt. What should have brought out at least a dozen two-stickers actually attracted only four—*Ramona*, *Dauntless*, *Yampa*, and *Coronet*. *Iroquois*, *Emerald*, and *Lasca* were entered, but the first two failed to appear for one reason or another, and Mr. Brooks, who was on hand, naturally had no desire to accept a prize on a walk-over with *Lasca*. *Emerald's* absence was especially regrettable, since the strong wind and rather heavy sea would have given her an excellent opportunity to show what she could do. It would have been a great day, too, for *Iroquois*, which is considerably at home in half a gale, or a whole one, for matter of that. As it was, the race turned out to be considerable of a fizzle because of the stupid interpretation by the captains of the *Dauntless*, *Yampa*, and *Coronet* of the sailing instructions plainly set forth on the Regatta Committee's circular. The *Dauntless* did get on to the right course after a time, but not until the *Ramona* had secured such a lead that the affair had become a procession rather than a race.

AS THE DAY OF THE YALE–HARVARD boat-race draws near, the probability of a close hard struggle becomes the more apparent. Harvard is doing infinitely better work than last year at this time, while Yale's eight has not yet reached the form of last year's winning crew. There is not that confidence in the Harvard, nor that dejection in the Yale quarters that reports would make us believe. At least I saw no material signs of it on the Thames last Saturday, and there is no occasion for it on one side or the other. The Harvard crew has improved considerably since it went to New London. Fennessy is setting a good stroke and holding it. Cummings has bettered his work considerably, and although not yet a perfect time-keeper, is doing good enough to warrant the belief that there will be no break this year between stroke and 7. Vail has had stomach trouble, and is just back in the boat. Fearing is in good shape again, and every man now is in the best of physical condition and spirits. Both Newell and Burgess have improved their form, and though neither will ever make a graceful oar, they are strong and can last. The crew is reported to have been doing some very fast work, but the nearest verification I could get was a half. I timed them in 2.43 with a strong tide, which is certainly not remarkable.

THE YALE CREW I SAW at work Saturday evening certainly did not look as though it were the cause of very much disquietude at Gales Ferry. There was evidence of work yet to be done by the coachers. No. 2 was still a bit slow, and 4 not certain on his time, and 3 is getting his hands away better from his body. But the blade-work was clean, the oars going in and coming out of the water together, the catch hard, the stroke rowed straight through, and the shell kept on going between strokes. This is where the Yale crew is superior to Harvard. Harvard is doing more work forward of the pin than ever, and sitting up well on the recover. They get in a powerful drive with their legs, but have not yet mastered the recover well enough to keep the boat from a perceptible check between strokes, nor do they pull the stroke straight through so well as Yale. If they can perfect these in the next ten days Yale will have a close call, if not defeat, for there is a lot of strength and go in the Harvard boat even now. Yale men say their eight do not hold their form after a half-mile or so. This seems improbable, and would be curious for a veteran crew, as well as disastrous, and cannot be commented on until next week, after following them several days. Goetchius will row.

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

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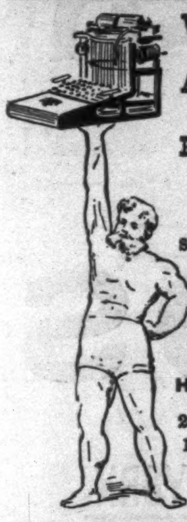

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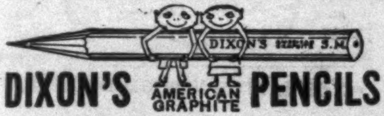

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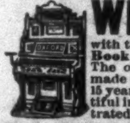

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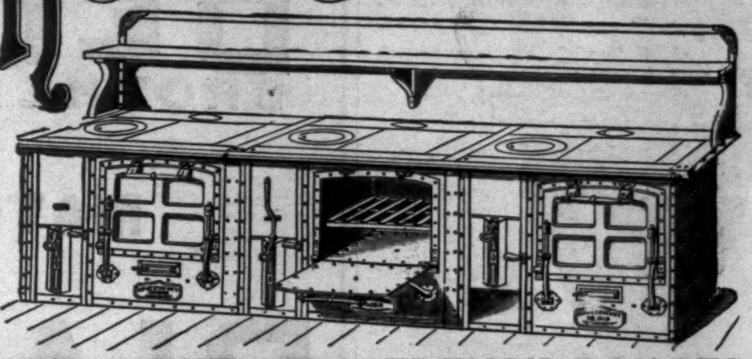

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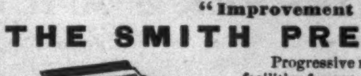

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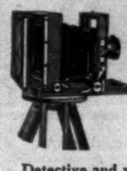

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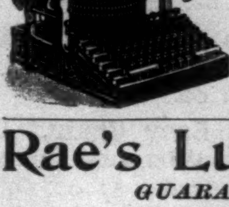

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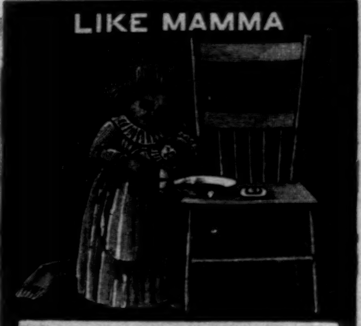

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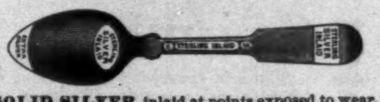

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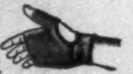

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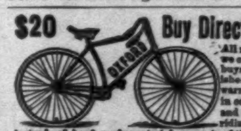

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